

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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Chronicle

Home News.—As one of the worst droughts in the history of the country continued its ravages, the Federal Government made intensive studies of stricken areas with a view to provide relief measures. After consulting with Cabinet officials and heads of farm organizations, President Hoover, on August 8, invited the Governors of twelve States to a conference in Washington. It was suggested that aid be administered by State and local authorities with the cooperation of the Red Cross, while the Federal Government would confine itself to the publication of official reports and offers of credit facilities. In spite of the fact that there was no immediate danger of a general food shortage, profiteers in various localities, particularly New York City, were endeavoring to add excessively to the cost of living. To prevent unwarranted hoarding of food and extravagant prices, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, on August 13, decided to publish daily bulletins based upon information obtained from the wholesale market. The August report of the Department of Agriculture indicated a decrease of 690,000,000 bushels of corn and a seven-per-cent decline of all crops for July. In the course of the week the Interstate Commerce Commission authorized lower freight rates until October 31, and railways east of the Mississippi at once availed themselves

Drought Relief Measures

of the decision, announcing a fifty-per-cent reduction on movements of grain, water, and livestock in the affected districts.

On August 13, before official returns could be announced, it was conceded that Senator Norris had won the Republican senatorial nomination in Nebraska by a plurality of 25,000 votes. In Alabama, where Senator Heflin had endeavored to persuade Democrats to stay away from the polls, John H. Bankhead, son of a former Senator, won the Democratic nomination by a comfortable margin. The vote was lighter than usual, but results indicated that Heflin's "Jeffersonians" would not number more than one-fourth of the Democratic party in the State. In Arkansas, Senator Robinson, with over 100,000 votes, maintained a three-to-one lead over Tom Campbell, Little Rock lawyer, his opponent for the Democratic nomination.

At the request of President Hoover, on August 6, Charles Rhoads who, in April, 1929, was selected to direct the Bureau of Indian Affairs, submitted a special report of his accomplishments during the past year. Mr. Rhoads declared that the aim of the newly reorganized Bureau was gradually to relieve the Indian of the wardship he has been under and make him a self-sustaining American citizen. After mentioning some of the changes in personnel and improvements effected, he concluded with a proposal to give the Red Man a practical, vocational education, make better provisions for his medical needs, assist him in finding and keeping a job, increase the productivity of his land, and in general aid him to overcome his handicaps and become, like his white neighbor, a self-reliant citizen. The proclivity of the average Indian to participate in circuses, rodeos, and Wild West shows should be discouraged, while everything should be done to improve and protect native art and handicraft.

Austria.—In the middle of July Austria was granted the Investition loan which she had been negotiating for some time. The President of the Control Commission, Senator Albert, congratulated the Austrian Chancellor in words that were a proof of the strong international belief in Austria's ability for development, and in the stability of the State. At the subscription for the Austrian part of the loan 150,000,000 schillings were pledged; so that the Austrian part was over-subscribed. But foreign capitalists also showed a tendency to patronize the Austrian loan. The Italian part was fully subscribed; that of America, Switzerland, and Sweden was greatly over-subscribed. The

Austrian Loan

net results of the loan amounted to about 398,000,000 schillings; more by half than what the Austrian Government had asked for. The experts predicted that the loan would have a good effect on the budget, thus relieved of certain duties, and they looked forward to the realization of the Government's plans for improved highways, railways, and postal and telegraph service.

The State balance for 1929 showed that the tobacco monopoly had brought a profit of 206,000,000 schillings and a net clearing of 195,000,000. The posts and telegraphs were reported to have shown a loss of 11,000,000 schillings over last year, owing to exceptional expenditures during the year. The federal forests contributed a modest sum; the mines remained passive; and the federal theater's deficit of last year was diminished. To relieve the condition of agriculture a tax on flour was considered, but the Government, yielding to popular opinion, was said to plan a tax on beer and sugar. The *Tagblatt* published a short resume showing the income of the average Viennese and pointing out the heavy burden which every new tax places on the laborer, the merchant, and the professional man.

Canada.—R. B. Bennett, Conservative, took the oath of office as Prime Minister before the Governor General, Viscount Willingdon, on August 7. The cabinet is as follows: Prime Minister, President of the Privy Council, Secretary of State for External Affairs and Minister of Finance, R. B. Bennett; Minister without Portfolio, Sir George H. Perley; Minister of Fisheries, E. N. Rhodes; Minister of Labor, Gideon Robertson; Minister of Justice and Attorney General, Hugh Guthrie; Minister of Trade and Commerce, H. H. Stevens; Minister of Railways and Canals, R. J. Manion; Minister of National Revenue, E. B. Ryckman; Minister without Portfolio, J. A. MacDonald; Postmaster General, Arthur Sauvé; Minister of Pensions and National Health, Colonel Murray MacLaren; Minister of Public Works, H. A. Stewart; Minister of State, C. H. Cahan; Minister of National Defense, D. M. Sutherland; Minister of Marine, Alfred Duranleau; Minister of Interior and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Thomas G. Murphy; Solicitor General, Thomas Dupré; Minister of Immigration and Colonization and Minister of Mines, W. A. Gordon; Minister of Agriculture, Robert Weir. It was announced that Mr. Bennett would act as Minister of Finance for the time being only. All the Ministers must stand for approval at a by-election. Mr. Bennett issued writs calling for the nominations on August 25 and the by-election on September 2.

A statement issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics indicated an unfavorable condition of the wheat crop on July 31 as compared with June 30. The condition as given at the end of July was eighty-five per cent of the ten-year average, as against ninety-one per cent at the end of June. Crops in Central and Eastern Canada were reported good, while in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island the showing was in

general equal to, or better than, the ten-year average. In Saskatchewan and Alberta it was comparatively poor.

China.—The long-heralded crucial battle between the Nationalists and the Northern rebels for the rich province of Shantung began with both sides claiming victory in the initial fighting during the week. At the end of the week the Nationalists admitted that their drive on Tsinan, capital of Shantung, had been slowed down due to the transfer of troops from this sector to the Lunghai railway. Marshal Feng Lu-hsiang's attacks along this front on Kweiteh and Pochow had forced the Nationalists to retreat at this point, and fighting units were detached from Shantung to support the weakening defenses. If the Northern general succeeded in breaking through at Kweiteh, he would threaten the Nationalists' main defenses along the Tiensin-Pukow railway and force them to retreat southward. Because of this initial success, foreign military observers estimated the war chances as fifty-five to forty-five in favor of the Northern rebels. The same observers were unable to understand the failure of the Nanking Government to gain headway with their superior troops and equipment.

While bands of Communist raiders continued to burn and pillage homes in the Yangtse Valley, General Ho Chien, Governor of Hunan, was reported to have ordered the torture and execution of several hundred Communist suspects. This was one of many instances of reprisals taken by the authorities as a result of the recent raid and massacre at Changsha. Twelve more suspects were beheaded in the streets of Hankow, which was awaiting the attack of three Red armies said to be surrounding the city. Communists were also active in the Kiangsi Province, and an exodus of foreigners began when the Provincial Government ordered the evacuation of that city by the Nationalist forces. Bishop Dumont, two priests and eight Sisters of Charity were reported to have gone to Shiu-Chow, but the Rt. Rev. J. A. O'Shea, Auxiliary Bishop of Kanchow, remained at his post in the city.

Colombia.—The inauguration of Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, former Minister of Colombia at Washington, as President took place on August 7. In his inauguration speech Dr. Olaya laid particular stress on the importance of maintaining cordial relations with all countries and especially with the United States. "The political and economic progress of the Western hemisphere," he said, "places us each day closer to the first nation that made itself an independent republic, the United States of America. The experience of the past few years has enabled me to know that nation at first hand and also to know her eminent men. Those men want, as we want ourselves, a policy of mutual cooperation and friendly understanding. My administration will pursue that policy with frankness and loyalty." The principal problems before the country were, according to Dr. Olaya, the financial situation, the depressed petroleum industry, and the construction of highways. The personnel of the cabinet is as follows: Min-

Northern
Rebels'
Success

Communist
Activities

Inauguration

State
Balance

New
Cabinet

Wheat
Crop

ister of the Interior, Carlos E. Restrepo; Minister of War, Augustine Morales Olaya; Foreign Relations, Eduardo Santos; Public Works, Fabio Lozano; Education, Abel Carbonell; Finance, Francisco Paulo Perez; Industry, Francisco Jose Chaux; Telegraphs and Posts, Julio Enrique Tascon.

Czechoslovakia.—July 5, Feast of SS. Cyril and Methodius, and July 6, John Hus day, brought, respectively, increased manifestations of Catholic life, especially amongst the young, and an almost total abandonment of the anti-Catholic manifestations in honor of Hus. Successful mass meetings were held by various Catholic youth societies in Eastern and Southern Bohemia, in Moravia and in Slovakia. A national Sodality congress in Prague and various pilgrimages also honored the national Saints. Five new Catholic centers were started in Moravia.

France.—The strike in the northern industrial regions still continued with the number of strikers estimated at more than 100,000. While there was some improvement in the metal industries, there was still a deadlock in the textile industries between workers and employers. Most of the latter refused to meet the demands of the workers for an increase of twenty-five centimes a day. In a few instances where an effort was made to compromise, satisfied workers were prevented from returning to their work by attacks of Communists. The demands of the Communists were much more radical than those of the Socialists and their aim was to force a general strike throughout the northern area. They succeeded in Halluin where there was a strike in all except the food-supply services. Large bodies of mounted guards were rushed to the Franco-Belgian border on the Halluin-Menin road to protect Belgian workers in France from Communist attacks. A large number of Belgian workers were crossing the border at this point and the Communists had served notice that they would block their way to the factories.—Meanwhile, a long fight was expected. The strikers were able to produce the 1,000,000 francs a day necessary to meet the demands of their war chest, and they have a tradition for long-sustained strikes. On the other hand, the employers pointed out that the workers were losing 3,000,000 francs daily in wages, that by paralyzing the textile industries they were playing into the hands of foreign competitors, and laying up for themselves a store of hard times during the coming winter months. The answer of the strikers to all this was to make new levies on national and local labor bodies for additional funds.

Germany.—On August 11, Germany commemorated the eleventh anniversary of the Weimar Constitution. President von Hindenburg was the outstanding figure in the official ceremonies, during which Dr. Joseph Wirth, Minister of the Interior and former Chancellor, made an oratorical appeal for a unified effort to fortify the young republic in its political liberties. The President was

cheered by a crowd of 20,000 among whom were many American tourists. With the exception of the Liberal and Socialist newspapers, the press editorially either ignored the anniversary or launched diatribes against the charter of Weimar. The hopes of the Minister of the Interior for union seemed rather tenuous in view of the failure of the attempt of Dr. Ernst Scholz to fuse the People's Party with the newly organized State Party. Dr. Scholz demanded that the new party relinquish its title and identity and become a part of the People's party. His terms were rejected. Had the merger succeeded it would have meant a three-party union comprising the Democrats, the People's party and the Economic party, which jointly commanded 93 votes in the last Reichstag. The State party, it was said, hoped to become the rallying ground for Liberal voters, and the refuge for those who withdraw from the other middle parties. The younger members of the People's party, under the leadership of Dr. Wolfgang Stresemann, son of the late Foreign Minister, were reported to be in open revolt against the autocracy of Dr. Scholz in defiance of the widespread clamor for a union with the State's party. Dr. Stresemann championed the fusion as a safeguard against further disintegration of the Liberal movement in Germany. From this discontented group, the new party hopes to enlist many members.

Great Britain.—According to statistics published at London the unemployment situation was acute throughout Europe. The number of unemployed in six European countries was put at 5,949,287, with Germany and Great Britain the chief sufferers. The industries mainly affected in Great Britain were textiles, with 450,000 idle; transport, with 433,000; building trades, with 170,000; coal mining, with 255,000; engineering, with 413,000. In Germany the number of unemployed increased by more than a million during the past year, bringing the total to 2,757,000. In Italy the Government planned to remedy the situation by extensive road building in which 37,000 men would be employed.—By virtue of a recently concluded treaty between Great Britain and Rumania British imports into the latter country are to be accorded preferential treatment. It was agreed that so long as England continued to admit Rumanian foodstuffs without duty British manufactured goods of all kinds would be admitted to Rumania at the lowest rates provided in the present or any future Rumanian tariff.

India.—Considerable anxiety was occasioned by an attempt on the part of Afridis (Afghan tribesmen) to gain possession of Peshawar. A force of tribesmen variously estimated at between 5,000 and 10,000 descended into the lower Bara valley, which opens onto the Kajuri plain not far from Peshawar, and engaged in skirmishes with the British forces. The British cavalry and artillery, reinforced by bombing planes, managed to disperse the tribesmen and force them to retreat but recent dispatches represented the situation as still dangerous. Reports that vil-

Catholic
Life

Labor
Troubles

Unemployment

Afghan
Uprising

Weimar
Anniversary

lages which had been known to harbor tribesmen would be bombed by way of reprisal were later denied. The reasons for the uprising could not be ascertained but newspaper correspondents were inclined to attribute it in part to dissatisfaction with the conduct of the political authorities, in part to propaganda by the Indian Nationalists. The number of casualties was not published.—After a brief period of quiet, disorder between Moslems and Hindus broke out afresh in the Sind district. Railway communications between Sukkur and Quetta were interrupted for a time. The casualties reported at Sukkur up to Tuesday, August 11, totaled fourteen killed and 110 wounded.—Hopes for a restoration of a general peace with the Nationalists were renewed with reopening of negotiations with Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi and the Pandits Motilal and Jawarharlal Nehru, in jail at Poona, were visited by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar. No statement was issued but it was understood that the conference would be continued.

Russia.—Reports from Moscow of August 13 drew attention to the dissatisfaction felt with the large labor turnover, which had sometimes been as much as 200 per cent annually. Production in the coal, heavy metal, cement and building industries and the transportation program were reported as far behind and dropping steadily in recent weeks. A Ural coal mine reported 3,000 cases of "improper absences from work, mostly owing to drunkenness" in the first five days of August; the total mine force being 5,000. Similar reports appeared in the Moscow *Izvestiya* for July 27, stating that in the Don Basin, the principal coal supply region of the Soviet Union, production had dropped to only 75 to 76 per cent of the normal. The *Red Miner* was quoted by *Izvestiya* to the effect that "from month to month the mechanisms work always worse." In April 92.3 per cent was mined; in May 90.9 per cent; in June 88.1 per cent; and in the first ten days of July 83.7 per cent. Many causes were alleged for this neglect, amongst them such elementary difficulties as the inability of the miners to obtain soap with which to wash their faces after three or four hours in the mines.

The All-Union Society of Militant Atheists, it was reported from Moscow, decided on August 10 to establish a central anti-religious university in Moscow with facilities for 400 students. Anti-religious professional chairs would also be created in existing universities in Russia. The society further planned the opening of even other anti-religious schools in various parts of the Moscow Province. More than 250 anti-religious circles in Moscow were said to be engaged in instructing workers on atheistic subjects.

The sittings of the British arbitration court, in London, which was considering the dispute between the Lena Gold Fields Company and the Soviet Government, continued.

Evidence was offered on August 12 by Alexander Malozemov, formerly the company's managing director, of various strong-handed measures taken by the Government against the operations of the company, such as refusing food to

the workers, cutting them off forcibly from raw materials, etc. The Soviets also alleged a breach of concessions. Dr. V. R. Idelson, attorney for the company, maintained that the Government's restrictions were part of the uprooting policy taken toward all forms of capitalism by the Soviet Five Year plan.

Turkey.—The establishment of a Liberal Republican party was sanctioned by President Kemal. The program of the new party calls for the stabilization of Turkish currency, the suppression of the Istanbul port monopoly and the reduction of railway and port duties. Such measures, if rendered operative, would greatly facilitate the entrance of foreign capital into the country. The new party further pledged itself to work for an alteration in the election system whereby deputies would be elected to the National Assembly by direct vote. Extension of woman suffrage was also favored and, in foreign affairs, the party promised closer cooperation with the League of Nations.—According to the Associated Press, reports of a growing tension between Turkey and Persia, said to have been occasioned by Persia's refusal to permit Turkish troops to cross the boundary while engaged in suppression of the Kurdish revolt, were denied by the Anatolie Agency.

League of Nations.—Two specially important items were scheduled for the League Council at its coming sixtieth session, beginning September 5, on the provisional agenda released August 11. One was the mandate committee's recent report on the Palestine situation, which severely criticized the recent British Shaw committee report thereon. Contrary to the Shaw committee, the Mandates Commission held that the Arab attack on the Jews was caused principally by the scarcity of British troops. In reply, the British Government maintained its former position. The other topic would be to determine whether the protocol for the revision of the World Court statutes should go into effect immediately, in which event the September elections to the World Court would be held under its stipulations. The narcotic and the Polish-Lithuanian questions were also foreseen.—The Netherlands accepted on August 11 the general arbitration pact.

New Party Council Meeting Coming

Is it realized how far-spreading is the poison distilled by Russian films in this country and elsewhere? Stuart D. Goulding, with many facts, demonstrates the evil in "Soviet Film Propaganda" to appear next week.

G. K. Chesterton has discovered that many things are too big and too plain to be seen. He will explain in "Tell Us the Story."

How many deaths has abuse of the auto caused? William T. Walsh will suggest a remedy next week in "Speaking of Prohibition—"

Professor Joseph J. Reilly will contribute a literary article entitled "Some Recent Notable Biographies."

Atheist University

Lena Gold Fields

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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The Drought in the Country

IT is hard for Americans along the Eastern seaboard to realize the extent of the calamity caused by the long period of rainless hot weather in Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, and large areas in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi. Government observers report that many of the stories would appear incredible had they not been sent in by trained agents. Six weeks ago, the fields in the beautiful Blue Grass country of Kentucky were a sorry plaid of browns and blacks. James C. Stone, of the Federal Farm Board, who returned to Washington from Kentucky a few days ago, reports that walking across these fields today is like trudging down a dusty road, and he fears that their fertility may never be restored. In this one State the losses on farm products may reach \$100,000,000.

Worse than this financial loss, which will cause much suffering next Winter, is the present menace to public health. Some towns are quite without water, except for what can be brought by train from outside communities. Wells, springs, creeks, even rivers, are dried up, and warnings have been issued to boil all drinking water. According to the Louisville correspondent of the New York Times, pellagra and typhoid fever are four times as prevalent as last year. In the other States, too, conditions are alarming, so that the drought of 1930, the greatest known to the Weather Bureau, really constitutes a national calamity.

The imagination is quickly stirred by stories of floods, cyclones, and earthquakes. It cannot visualize so readily the picture of vast tracts of fertile country burnt to a flint-like hardness by a pitiless sun. Yet the losses caused by this drought are already comparable with the ruin spread by the floods some years ago in the Mississippi Valley. Up to the present, no serious outbreak of epidemic diseases has been reported, but should the medical authorities fail here, the consequences may be frightful.

No appeal has been made to the public for help. The President has invited the Governors of these States to

confer with him, and has directed the departments and bureaus to extend all the help in their power. Ultimately, however, the burden will fall upon the people in these States, and it will be a heavy one next Winter. Kentucky is considering the possibility of legislation remitting taxation on farm lands in whole or in part, since the farmers will be pressed to find money even for the necessities of life.

An incidental good which may follow from this disaster is a reexamination of the financial hardships of the farmer. It is reported that the food supply of the country is in no serious danger, although the prices of some staples will rise in all parts of the country. But how much longer can the independent small farmer struggle on under his disabilities, of which some are due to political maladroitness or corruption, and others to an economic system fruitful of burdens to the small producer in every industry? In his article is another part of this Review, Robert Stewart suggests equitable tax assessment of farm lands. Certainly, the farmer's taxes have increased out of all proportion to his income, and here, it would seem, is an evil that can be remedied. It will not "solve the problem," as the trite phrase goes, but it will ease the burdens now resting upon a fearfully overburdened industry.

The Debased Theater

WHEN some weeks ago, a disgusting revue, staged in New York by an ex-convict, attracted the attention of the police, the most scathing condemnation that fell from the Actors' Equity Association was this, "We wish he hadn't done it."

If this is the best that Equity can do to cleanse the degraded theater of the metropolis, then decent men and women of the stage can hope for nothing from Equity. We do not say that Equity should have joined hands with the authorities to send this man to jail. Other measures were at Equity's disposal, and they are fairly obvious. One measure, not so obvious, perhaps, to the non-professional, is the exclusion from Equity's benefits, whatever these may be, of all performers who contract with the man whose conduct has been a public scandal for many years. Bar associations expel the shyster, and medical societies drop the quack. If actors' associations pass no effective censure upon participators in indecent performances, but admit them to all professional privileges, they cannot be excused from the guilt of aiding and abetting these performances, and they show beyond all doubt their indifference to the real interests of the profession.

The grand jury declined to indict this notorious showman last week but that was not unexpected. Public taste is so low in this respect that grand jury actions against improper performances are completely ineffective.

The chief factors in debasing public taste are the newspapers. Until the directors of the press, most of whom are respectable men, can restrain their journals, little or no reform can be hoped for. It is quite true that the report of the dramatic critics on the latest offensive revue was plain and to the point. They unanimously condemned

it as an affront to decency, and one or two editorial writers agreed. But the columnists and the special writers were then allowed free fling. They cracked their cheap wit on city officials and witnesses in the preliminary hearings. They described with a leer what the spectator at this theater might expect to find. They had no word of condemnation for the ex-convict who staged the disgusting performance. All their condemnation was reserved for the men and women who tried to end this affront to public decency.

We heartily sympathize with the protest of the Catholic Theater Movement of New York, and agree with Msgr. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral, who writes that these outrages upon public decency "will never be remedied except by the gradual crystallization of a sound, widespread public opinion." This sound public opinion will, no doubt, be of slow growth in a day in which the necessity of religion and good morals is minimized. But the newspaper can and should do its part in this important work. The Chicago newspapers have banded together to suppress crime in that city. The New York newspapers should follow their example, and begin by setting a limit to the advertising, in their commercial columns and by their special writers, of these assaults upon public decency and propriety.

A Faithful Physician

THE story comes from Alabama that Dr. T. H. Williams, of Birmingham in that State, was concluding a surgical operation of a serious nature. Suddenly he straightened up, turned to his assistant, and gasped, "Doctor, take care of my patient." Then he sat down, and died.

Stories of this kind renew our faith in human nature. They make us feel that there is something good in all of us. They turn the searchlight of conscience into our own souls. We see much weakness there, but we resolve that when the test comes, we shall not be found wanting. We begin to realize that, after all, the chief end of life is not to minister to our own ease, comfort, and advantage, and that there are times when we achieve the best in life by forgetting ourselves. The story of Dr. Williams' forgetfulness of self and solicitude for his patient is like a spiritual tonic, particularly at this time.

For within the last few weeks, the press of the country has told us much about that form of murder which is called, euphemistically, "euthanasia." It is murder, of course, not plain murder, but murder of a kind that is especially base and cowardly, since it involves a breach of trust. When the physician sees that his patient cannot recover, the theory runs, he is justified in administering a drug, or in using other means, that will take life.

Now this is not the concept of the physician that has been built up and is sustained by centuries of Christian civilization. When we entrust our life, or the lives of those whom we love, to the hands of the physician, we do not expect him to kill us, or them. On the contrary, we expect him to give, if necessary, his own life for us. That expectation is approved by the best members of the

profession. The good physician never holds back from a patient for fear of contracting a deadly disease; on the contrary, danger stirs all his professional instincts. He faces death boldly. He fights to the last moment. It is not his job to surrender to death, but to fight to the last ditch. When he joins hands with death, and extinguishes the flickering taper, he is a craven and a murderer.

That modern philosophy which looks upon man as a mass of chemicals or as an animal, licenses the murder of the unborn babe. It legitimates the murder of suffering old people, who turn to the physician for help. Its aim is not to save life, but, when certain alleged ends of society are in question, to take life.

Should this philosophy control the professions, no property is safe, and no life assured. Support of the Catholic professional schools is the best means of defeating it.

Public Utility Prices

THE headline artist of the *New York Times* had one bright moment a few weeks ago when he scanned the new schedules submitted by the New York Edison Company and allied companies. "Public saves \$5,396,000," he wrote, and the eye of the man with a flat purse grew brighter. But the good news was quickly modified by the headliner. "43 per cent of Consumers Would Pay Less," he qualified, "But 57 per cent Would Pay More."

These schedules have not been accepted. The City of New York has announced that it will reject them, and carry the fight to the courts. As far as the case has been developed, the city's objection includes two factors, of which the first is the company's proposed charge of sixty cents monthly on every meter. The city objects to the imposition of any such fixed charge. This year it is sixty cents. Next year, the company may seek a court order to raise it to eighty cents or to a dollar. The city does not propose to give the company any possible chance of that kind.

Again, the city does not see why the poor man should be obliged to pay more per unit than the rich man. It rejects the claim for this extra compensation, based by the company on the ground that it must at all times be ready to serve the small consumer. The City of New York has invested nearly a billion dollars in its water works. It too stands ready to serve the small consumer, but its rates are the same to all. The city does not compel the small consumer to pay on a higher, so that the wealthy corporation may pay on a lower scale. The common business practice of conceding special prices for wholesale lots should not have place, it asserts, in the sale of commodities so necessary to every man, woman and child in the community as light, heat, and water.

This argument is not repeated here in the conviction that it is conclusive. The fixed charge and the preferred rate are fairly well established in the sale of some public utilities, and are defended by economists whose skill and sense of fairness are beyond question. It must be frankly admitted that hardly any question presents greater complexities than that of proper regulation by the State in

the interest of the public, of purveyors, of these utilities, commodities, and necessities. So wide are its ramifications that it must be approached in a spirit of scientific inquiry and a resolve to protect rights wherever they exist.

What is to be applauded in the decision to which the city authorities have come is their determination to present the case of the otherwise defenseless small consumer. In this they are following the principles of Catholic social action. For the State, as Leo XIII wrote, not only may but must extend a special protection to those whose needs are keen, but whose means are scanty. Such action, the Pontiff teaches, infringes the rights of none, but promotes the welfare of all.

No doubt some justification can be found for the economic devices of the day which press so heavily upon the man of small means. But it is not a justification which can stand the searching scrutiny of reason and of Christian social aims. It is based upon a philosophy which takes no account of charity, and is satisfied to approximate legalistic concepts of justice. The appeal to modern economics is alluring, but we cannot forget the prior claims of justice and charity.

"Not a Necessity"

WHILE thousands of families in this country are wondering where the next meal is to come from, other thousands need only express a wish for some new luxury to have it gratified. "This car is *not* a necessity," the text of an advertisement in the metropolitan newspapers runs. "It is in itself the lap of luxury for those who surround themselves with the best of this world's goods." No reference is made to so vulgar an item as the price, but it is known that the lowest rate for this car is \$14,000.

This advertisement is but one of many which indicate the growth in this country of a class which is doing the country no good. Usually, its members are men who have inherited great wealth, but not the driving and constructive spirit of the men who amassed it, or are gamblers who have suddenly become wealthy, through some turn made possible by the current economic and financial system. Gorged with money, and unskilled in its proper use, they cater to every selfish whim and indulge in every form of luxury. They do themselves no good, and their example stirs envy and rebellion among a people which regularly counts millions of members near to starvation—the army of the unemployed and underpaid—and thousands who have crossed the line and linger near death.

What use must the wealthy man make of his money, and that under pain of serious sin? Leo XIII answers in his Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. All men, he teaches, are bound so to use their earthly goods as to aid them in the attainment of their last end. Wealth is a creature; it must be used as a means, and never be made an end. A man of great possessions can, assuredly, save his soul, but if one fact is clear from the teaching of Our Lord and the Church, from Christian tradition, and from common experience, it is that wealth is frequently a

stumbling block in man's ascent to God. It can be used to help its possessor, but how?

The answer is supplied by Leo in a magnificent paragraph, beginning with a citation from the Angelic Doctor. "Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all," writes St. Thomas (2a 2ae Q. lxxvi. Art. 2) "so as to share them without hesitation when others are in need. Whence the Apostle saith, Command the rich of this world . . . to offer with no stint, to apportion largely." The Pontiff then points out that "no one is commanded to distribute to others that which is required for his own needs, and for those of his household." But "needs" must be understood in its Christian sense, as excluding all commodities which minister solely to pomp and luxury. "But when what necessity demands has been supplied, and one's standing fairly taken thought for," continues the Pontiff, "it becomes a duty to give to the indigent out of what remains over." And he quotes the bidding of Our Blessed Lord, recorded in St. Luke's Gospel (xi, 41) "Of that which remaineth, give alms."

The rich man may therefore live as becomes his standing, but in this country his "standing" calls for no pomp and circumstance. He cannot salve his conscience by asserting—as some do—that the purchase of luxuries stimulates manufacture and furnishes employment. Trade would be better stimulated and more workers employed by the building of free schools, hospitals, clinics, and places of refuge for the distressed, and by the founding of agencies for the prevention of destitution, crime, and disease.

The only safe rule is that laid down by Leo XIII. The man of great possessions "has received them for the purpose of using them for the perfecting of his own nature, and, at the same time, that he may employ them, as the steward of God's providence, for the benefit of others." Any other use constitutes degradation for the individual and a menace to the public welfare.

School Bells and School Bills

MERRILY to mothers, but like a knell to their children, the school bells will soon ring out. Shortly thereafter the school bills will begin to come in. As a matter of strict justice, provision should be made for these. In the Catholic school, the cost of board and tuition is an irreducible minimum, met, in the first instance, by the school. If the school cannot rely upon parents to do their part promptly, it may be put in a most embarrassing position. Parents, in other respects most punctilious, sometimes treat a school bill as something that need not be taken seriously. They forget that the school is not only teaching their child, but actually sheltering and feeding it.

Almost the first letter written from the field by General Robert E. Lee to his wife, concludes with the following lines. "I send you a check for \$500, all I have in bank. Please pay the children's school bills first."

That advice is commended to all parents who send their children away to school next month.

Antiquated Farm Taxes

ROBERT STEWART

IN the early life of our nation the farm supplied all the things of life. Not only food and clothing was produced by the farm but it supplied the brains that were needed to operate the Government and the funds necessary to run it. With the growth and development of the cities the leaders of industry, business and government are more often now drawn from urban centers of population rather than from the farm, but the antiquated system of raising revenue for running the governmental machinery by a general tax on property still prevails and is frequently the cause of real distress in many a farming community. The solution of the tax problem would bring real relief to many a farm community.

Taxes on general farm property are hard to evade and cannot be passed on to the consumer, as is often the case with manufactured goods. Tangible farm property cannot be hidden from the assessor, as is often the case with stocks and bonds. Farm property is usually taxed irrespective of its ability to produce. A given acreage is taxed the same each year no matter whether it produces any revenue or not. In many cases taxes thus become almost confiscatory.

A study was made by the United States Department of Agriculture of 155 farms in the Corn Belt in 1913. The farmers' income on these farms averaged \$1,147 per year. Taxes on their property took \$112 of this income. This study was repeated in 1921 on these same farms. The farmer's income had now fallen to \$771 but his tax burden had increased to \$253. The farmer was required to contribute thirty-three per cent of his income to the support of the Government. His income had materially decreased but his tax burden had increased by 126 per cent. The farmer's income had decreased by a third but his tax burden had *more than doubled*. And farm taxes continue to increase in many rural districts. They actually increased by one and one-half per cent in the country as a whole in 1929.

Detailed studies by the United States Department of Agriculture during the past five years in widely separated sections of the country from New Jersey to South Carolina and Washington, indicate that farm taxes have taken one third of the net rent on rented farms. In 1928 farmers paid \$1.42 in taxes on each \$100.00 of actual value of their real estate.

The farmer's taxes are chiefly State and local taxes. In 1922, seventy-eight per cent of all taxes levied by State and minor local governmental units was levied on general property including farm property. The States themselves did collect part of their revenue from other sources, but the counties, townships and local districts obtained ninety-seven per cent of their revenue from this source in 1922. There is no real reason why tangible property should bear almost all the burden of local subdivisions of government as these figures indicate.

The farmer's tax money goes largely into the support

of public schools and the construction and maintenance of public roads. For example, Indiana farmers paid sixty-six cents out of each tax dollar for these purposes in 1923, while in Boone County, Maine, fifty-six cents out of each tax dollar went for these purposes in 1925.

Highways and rural schools have outgrown their local significance. The highway is now a State and national problem made so by the modern motor car and the tendency of the entire nation to travel over them from one end of the land to the other. The highway should therefore be constructed and maintained by those who use them and the burden no longer maintained by the farmer who happens to own tangible adjacent farm property.

The standards of the public rural schools have been set by law, which has forced an added expense on the farmer which he is in many cases unable to bear. If the State and nation are allowed to set up standards for the public schools which they must follow, the State and nation should supply the necessary revenue for maintaining these standards and not force an added tax burden upon the shoulders of the already excessively burdened farmer.

The farm situation could be materially relieved if the farmer were to make certain adjustments which would convert land of low crop-productive power into forest land. Such land would be useful for timber production and would reduce the surplus production of farm products. But a crop of timber would mature only in from forty to fifty years, during which time no revenue would be derived from this land, yet under our present system of taxation such land must contribute by taxation to the current yearly support of local governmental units. So such land is maintained at low productive power so that the farmer may secure some return to meet taxes. Capital invested in timber production, of course, should bear its fair share of the burden of government but it should not be required to bear an undue portion of this burden. If the methods of taxing farm property can be adjusted so as to allow marginal land to revert to forest it would materially relieve the acute farm situation.

It is not possible that the expenses of local government will materially be reduced as was the case of those of the Federal Government after the Great War. The only other alternative whereby the farmer's tax burden may be reduced is by broadening the basis of taxation whereby those resources which now escape taxation may bear their fair share of the expense of local government.

There should be an elimination of all possible waste in local government without curtailing any real necessary public service. The farmer's tax burden might possibly be lessened by the following means: (1) increased recognition of sources of tax-paying ability other than tangible property; (2) the spreading of the tax base over a wider unit; and (3) improvement of the system of assessment.

Other sources of tax-paying ability for the support of

local units which might well bear their share of the burden of government expenses are State income tax, a commodity tax and certain license taxes on corporations and other businesses. The State itself might well collect its revenue from such sources and thus leave the revenue derived from the tax on general property for the support of local units.

The State law requires the rural district to maintain a standard of service in education which places a heavy burden on rural districts. The movement of rural youth to the city which has always occurred, and will no doubt continue for many years to come, makes the education of the country boy and girl one of vital concern to the whole State. The number of school children per thousand of population is also greater in the country than in the city and the burden of education falls more heavily on rural communities. For these reasons the burden of their education should be more widely borne.

The crux of the farmer's tax problem lies within the policy adopted by State and local government units. The reduction in Federal taxes has not relieved the farmer of his tax burden at all. The whole tendency in most States is to secure a greater share of the necessary revenue from some other source rather than a tax on general property. The tax on gasoline has helped materially in all States. In 1927 \$259,000,000 was collected from this source. Since that time New York and Illinois have finally adopted this form of taxation. This revenue being used for road construction and maintenance has helped materially, but even with this source of revenue available the demand for good roads is such that tax levies for roads constitutes one of the principal burdens on farm real estate.

Old Irish

PHILIP BURKE

THERE were two old men. They had been lads together in the old country. They had come over the same year. It was the year of Lincoln's election. Neither of them had the reading and writing, but they heard all the talk.

In April Fort Sumter fell and Lincoln called for volunteers. When the Irish Ninth went south, out of Boston, Riley and Burke marched with the others. States' rights meant nothing to them, but slavery was a word for fighting. They were Kerry men.

The war lasted a long while. Riley stopped a Minie ball at Fair Oaks, and Burke, for his sins, spent a year in a prison camp. After the war they went their ways. Then at the last, they were together again.

Two old men, sitting on the porch of a Soldiers' Home. There was much talk between them and long silences. Some times they weren't on the porch at all, rocking and nodding in the afternoon sun. They were gossoons in Kerry, lively as blackbirds and full of the mischief.

Slowly they filled in the years. Riley had come back to New York and stayed there. He had driven a team in the market district. A Tammany man had got him on the force. He had married. Forty years then . . . births and

Baptisms, elections and chowder excursions. He had been well known in his district.

One by one his children grew up; his wife Annie was took with the fever; his youngest son married and moved over to Brooklyn. The district was changing fast. The Irish were moving out. And after Mass, Sundays, there was no one at home with him. The old wound bothered him in wet weather, and when his feet went back on him he retired.

Here he was, an old man. His girl, Mary, that went to the Sisters, wrote him a letter every week of her life. There was a grandson in Brooklyn, John A. Riley, after himself. There was his own picture in uniform, hanging in Station Five, New York City. He had his pipe and his beads and his cronies. What more did he want? It was wonderful, the strength in him yet.

Burke had less to tell. He was a quiet one. And there was no excitement in his talk; no torchlight parades and aldermen. He had no yellowed newspaper clippings, telling of bad men conquered; of a little Eyetalian pulled from the rush of a fire-truck.

Conal Burke had gone back to the soil and stayed there. When he was forty he had a farm of his own; cows in the barn, and his wife saving the egg money against the expense of the young ones.

They were good years. The Sunday they all drove to Mass in the new surrey; the wire fence around the pasture. There was the ploughing in the spring, the good smell of it. When you came to the end of the furrow, you stopped to take breath. There were your own fields to look at and the barn, new-shingled. Like as not herself in the yard. The red glint of her shawl, where she was out to the hens.

There was the haying. You sat on the top of the load, drowsy with the sun on your back, and young Marty beside you, holding the reins. A full load, with the hay down on the horses' buttocks. The creak of the wheels and the noise of the little things in the grass. Then the cool of the barn.

It all came back clear enough, but not words for it. Riley wondered sometimes, with the grand farm you had, why was you here with the others. He wouldn't ask for the life of him, but you knew. And that was a thing you wouldn't tell—not to the chaplain himself. A nice little priest but born over here. It was a thing in your mind.

You told Riley, when it was your turn to talk, that before the wife went she saw the children with learning, all of them. You told him of Marty, the way he'd be bringing diplomas and prizes home. And the girls that went to normal school, married now and well off.

But you didn't tell him little Ellen had married one of the others in turn. You didn't talk of Marty, married to a white stick of a woman, too nervous to have children of her own. There were no words for the way you felt in his house. People coming out and going in, and a German woman in the kitchen.

You wouldn't talk of the mortgages to give them all education, so they could stand up with the best. Or why would you tell Riley that for all Marty's grand house it was the sale of the farm that got the money to save

Jenny's man? Whatever he'd done in his business that there was talk of the law on him!

Their mother was gone and the farm was cut up into house lots. You'd be welcome with Marty in spite of his wife. But this was best. Riley was great company and sure you were young lads together in Kerry. And greenhorns together, trembling and shaking, waiting to go forward at Bull Run, with the heat and confusion and crashing of cannon. No man would go on forever and it would all be the same in the end.

But sometimes, sitting on the porch with the others, a queer thought would come into your mind.

There was great pride in the Old Irish, giving their children the schooling, to see them up in the world. And now everyone had book learning and a knowledge of

everything. It was grand for them, but there was no peace in it. It was like a fever on them. You pitied them all the time.

And maybe, God knows you wouldn't say so, but maybe all this education would be like a fair in the old country. A fair everyone would be cracking up. And you, going off to it, would think to see wonders. But when you got there, everyone would be calling out and praising this thing and that, but the wonders they talked of you wouldn't find.

And going home the long road, with the silence in it and the starlight, you'd know better at last. And maybe say a decade or two against the dark places.

There'd be queer thoughts in a man's mind, and he with the years on him and waiting.

Genius in Song

L. A. G. STRONG

A SHORT while ago John McCormack's agent claimed for him upon a hoarding that he was "the world's greatest tenor." Much discussion followed in the London press, but nothing that was said was as interesting as the fact that such a question received serious consideration. Count McCormack's career, nowhere watched more eagerly than in his own country, has been a long record of brilliant and deserved successes; but the most enthusiastic of his countrymen must have been surprised and gratified to see the superlative claim debated with respect in England. The singer himself is reported to have denied it with a smile. What neither he nor anyone can deny, however, is that he possesses a greater hold over the English-speaking public than any male singer since fabulous times. Packed audiences show to him the sort of devotion enjoyed by perhaps one prima donna in a generation, and he has the homage of artists as well. What is the secret of this double appeal?

The reasons for his high repute among artists are soon found. He has a pure tenor voice of exceptional beauty and fine volume, which has been scrupulously trained, and over which he exercises almost perfect control. Though very sympathetic in quality, a voice only too easy to exploit and sentimentalize, he has it placed so beautifully forward that every note rings bright and full. "God has placed your voice," said the teacher Sabatini in wonder, when the young tenor presented himself for lessons: for this placing is often the hardest part of a singer's education. McCormack's voice is a marvelous instrument: once he has "sung himself in," his tone is as pure and steady as any human tone can expect to be. The physical gift, therefore, is abundant.

This same training, and the lyrical impulse of his own spirit, combine to give him his next high quality: his phrasing. Supple and flowing, the result of an astonishing control of breath, it carries him easily over the longest phrases and the most difficult curves. The practised listener, instinctively keeping pace with the singer in his mind, finds himself breathless and aching several times

in the course of a McCormack recital. There is, of course, no essential virtue in very long phrases, but such power gives the singer the freedom of the fiddler's bow to keep his line flowing and to complete the curves of his phrases without unnecessary pause. To hear McCormack sing an ascending phrase in Handel's "O sleep, why dost thou leave me?" to follow his curve in the *Feldeinsamkeit* of Brahms, or in *Luoghi sereni e cari* of Donaudy, is to realize what this instrumental freedom may mean to a song when it is governed by inward understanding. The only technical difficulties he has to face are those brought by the inevitable ageing of his voice: in all other respects it will do what he wants.

And what does he want? Thus equipped, upon what does he use his voice and his skill? The answer seems to be, upon anything and everything. Italian opera, German *lieder*, modern French songs, folk songs, the latest of conventional drawing-room ballads; he sings them all, apparently, with equal conviction; causing thereby much perplexity in the musical world. Despite the similar case of Kreisler, it is hard to persuade a musician who has not heard McCormack that a man who sings such stuff as some of the ballads can be a serious artist. After hearing him, and observing his almost mediumistic power of getting inside a song, the musician, won over to enthusiasm by the first half of the recital, goes away even more puzzled than before. The singer has made no visible discrimination between the two parts of a program which musically have nothing in common except the beautiful treatment each has received.

At a recent recital, in response to demands for yet another encore, McCormack came on, smiling broadly. He said something to his accompanist, glanced up to a box in which, as we discovered afterwards, sat Bachhaus and Mischa Elman, and laughed like a schoolboy. Then the accompanist played the opening bars of "Love's Old Sweet Song," and there was the usual burst of applause from that section of the audience which recognized a favorite. But the tenor was smiling no longer. He shut

his eyes, and sang the song as if no one had ever sung it before. Cleared of half a century's mishandling, it became a new thing: naïf and crude, but real. It meant something.

There are two explanations of this. One is that McCormack was pulling the audience's leg, parading his hold over the many to amuse the few. The other is that, laughing at his own audacity in such a place and before such an audience, he took the chance to sing something he dared not offer otherwise. Whether consciously or not, he has the power of making even the crudest song mean to him all it has meant to the thousands of simple people who love it. For the moment that music, and those words, express not only themselves but McCormack. All that he is, all that he has seen and felt, somehow get into that song; and yet their stature is not lessened. It is the song that expands. This is not to say for a moment that he cannot sing a fine song better than a poor one, but that he undeniably can make the poorest song sound many times better than it is—and that by more than the physical beauty of his voice.

What his brain thinks of it all, in leisure moments, concerns none of us. He believes vocally in every song he sings, and that is what matters. He will give a performance of some classical air, perfect in the last details of intellectual and sensuous musicianship; and then, in order to sing something which in itself can give a critical mind no pleasure, while his technique remains as scrupulous as ever, he will slough off his years of sophistication and become as simple in heart as those for whom the song is beautiful. He never commits the mistake of making a poor song an opportunity for display. The vocal acrobat commands astonishment but no love, and McCormack is essentially a lovable artist. When he sings of "golden ecstasies of bliss" and "the night, the moon, and you, dear," it is as if those words were full of magic for him also: the highest human expression of supreme emotions. It is almost a gift of trance.

A further and notable illustration of this power is given in his first talkie, "Song o' my Heart." Some critics have made merry over this film. Its story is simple, unpretentious, and pleasantly sentimental. It is put together, obviously and quite frankly, as a vehicle for the singer's art, and in the course of it, he sings eleven songs. Yet, for the discerning, for those capable of responding to certain qualities of mind and heart, it is a shining example of the power of genius to transmute and raise an unsophisticated story. McCormack's acting, his laugh, his speaking voice, his natural, easy gestures, are the effortless revelation of a personality that commands an unusual kind of respect, an unusual kind of affection. He portrays a good, simple and lovable man without appearing to act at all. To "get across" a story of this kind without a single false touch calls for a great genius—genius of personality, at the least. McCormack plays as if he were unaware of the difficulties and the pitfalls. As with so many of his songs, they do not exist for him. His mind is unspoiled. He sings, and acts, without embarrassment, and never embarrasses his audience. In other words, he possesses genius of a high and rare order.

One point more. At the recital I spoke of just now, there was a religious song, *La Procession* of César Franck. During the long pianoforte prelude McCormack's face was drawn with emotion, and he murmured to himself. This was visible only to those close in front of him, so that there could be nothing insincere about it. Perhaps, for this reason, to speak of it at all is an impertinence. I remember once, before a great boxing match, the organ in the building played a verse of "Fight the Good Fight." It may have been meant for a joke, and many who were present took it so: but to others it was a reminder, natural enough, of the simple days when men invoked a blessing upon their undertakings without self-consciousness. The medieval craftsman glorified his faith in all he did; it would be good to believe there was at least one such craftsman who still lives among us in these days.

Be that as it may, it is true to say that the center of this great Irishman's success is a quality of the spirit. He is religious in his art. Through some fundamental simplicity and beauty in his own nature, he is able to absorb whatever he must sing so that he and it become for the moment indistinguishable. It is a noble and devout pre-occupation, the result of generous sympathies and innate force of character. We need know no more of a singer than he tells us. To hear McCormack is to know that the greatness of the singing comes from the elements of greatness in the man. This quality, in addition to magnificent natural gifts, perfect schooling, and unsparing labor, has made an artist of whom not only Ireland but the world may be proud.

"YOU, WHO WOULD SLICE UP THE WORLD."

You, who would slice up the world
Into halves of astonishing mold,
For me, swimming smoothly in youth,
For you, sunk in days that are old,

Leave me the gold of the forests—
The cool talk of the moon;
You take the silver of cities,
Pale from a sorrowful rune.

Yours be the brawling of towers—
Steel and stone arguing with air;
Give me the flame-songs of eagles,
Where mountain-peaks stare.

There by the river of voices,
Choked with the tears earth has known,
Tarry—for me the brave bugling
Of youth, like the dawn, thunder-blown.

For you, life's a proud bubble floating
To a blind and a perilous shore;
Well, open the windows on my half,
On yours close the door.

You who would slice up the world
With a blade of a mesmeric might,
Remember to leave me the day,
When you take the night.

J. CORSON MILLER.

Words Addressed to My Next Nurse

JAMES FITZGERALD

I HAVE read a great many books and articles on medicine and on nursing but they were, almost all of them, written by doctors or nurses. At the moment I can recall but one written by a patient and that was a brief and timid article on the high cost of being sick. And the magazine noted that the opinions expressed therein were in no wise to be regarded as those of the editors.

It must be confessed at once that my experience with sickness as a patient has been quite limited and with nurses as a patient has been almost nil. I had a nurse for about two hours once in a hospital; that was years ago and she may be there yet, for all I know, grown gray waiting for me to come back. She can wait. Her robust efficiency was too much for me. Very early in her ministrations, I began to entertain the idea that if I were going to die, as she held out every promise and hope I would, I should rather die of what ailed me all of a piece than be mauled to death by an Amazon. And when at last she flung over her shoulder as she left the room the threat that she'd be back in half an hour to give me my bath, I got somehow into my clothes and, walking on two feet of air, I fled out of that hospital and out of her life. The only kind of bath I could associate with that woman was one in boiling oil. With the bill from the hospital came a polite note inquiring what I had found wrong with the place. With my check, I sent an equally polite note assuring them that there was nothing wrong with the hospital but that I didn't think they should employ female wrestlers for nurses.

That experience you say, and say rightly, does not qualify me to speak as a patient. But then, I expect to be sick again and perhaps it were better this time to get my say in in advance. So that, while I have the opportunity, I should like to make public the way I should like to be dealt with by my nurse if ever again I have one.

It goes without saying that I expect my nurse to be thoroughly well trained; that I expect her to be attentive and promptly so; that I'd like her to realize that the little red light outside my door is not a stop light but a come light; that I expect her to know when to talk and when to hold her tongue; that I expect her to be cheerful and finally, if it isn't asking too much, I'd like her to be pretty. All that is a matter of course. But I want more than all that; I have a weightier and indeed an essential specification for my next nurse and if she meets that requirement, I will embrace her (figuratively of course) as a very paragon of a nurse.

I wish that my nurse will treat me as a human being and not as a case; and as one human being and not half a dozen. I mean I don't want to be treated half the time, for example, as the appendectomy in Room 13 and half the time as the crank in Room 13. I want to be treated as the poor devil in Room 13 who is about to have, who is having, or who has had, his appendix out—my own personal and private appendix.

I address myself particularly to the nurse on this point because I really don't think it would do me any good to address myself to the doctor. When I have my personal appendix out, it is most likely the surgeon will be making that same morning a numerous addition to his collection of other people's appendices and, anyway, he was just called in by my other doctor to do this special job and of course he can't be bothered with me after the job is done. And my own doctor only sticks his head in the door twice a day and says "H'mm," or at best feels my pulse, writes something on the chart and says "H'mm."

You see the doctors these days are organized pretty much, after the fashion of industry, on the basis of specialization. It takes about a hundred men nowadays to put a watch together and it takes about a hundred doctors to take a man apart. One difference is that the watches practically always run.

So despairing of the doctors, I ask my potential and I hope wholly imaginary nurse to regard me not as a carcass but as a chap who is sick. And I want to impress on her the simple truth that I don't feel very well when I'm sick.

I am only one individual, and, have it your way, a very insignificant one, but I am one, mind and body, and when I am sick I am sick all over—mind and body are sick together. I don't expect that my doctor will be interested rightly in any part of me but my body, my organic sickness, my symptoms, but I want my nurse to be interested in the whole of me and in particular in the mental implications of my illness.

"Oh, if that's what's bothering you," say you, "we'll just call in a psychiatrist." And I say to you: that's just the whole point. I don't want any psychiatrist and I don't want him primarily because he's just another specialist. My doctor has been giving me, let us say, valerian to cure my headache, which is caused by worry over some of my affairs. Now your mental specialist will come in, throw the valerian out the window and tell me my affairs aren't worth worrying over and if I stop, the headache will stop. And that would be all very well if the affairs were not my affairs. If they were the psychiatrist's, for example, I might readily recognize that they are not worth worrying about. But they are mine and they are worth worrying about and I don't stop. The net result is I still have my headache. No, I won't want any psychiatrist, I won't be that bad. Besides, if you nurses would do your job right we wouldn't need half the psychiatrists we've got, and wouldn't that be a grand thing?

What the good psychiatrists are trying to do, anyway, is simply to reduce to a science those practices which good doctors, good priests, good nuns, and good nurses, have been employing ever since the first man got sick. They are trying to get people to understand that in every person who is sick there is, as I read somewhere recently, an X, an unknown quantity, which is that person's peculiar re-

action to being sick. That X is there in every illness, even in a cold in the head, and you can't treat the cold in the head rightly until you find that X and take it into account. So I have no quarrel with the psychiatrists; I am, on the contrary, very much interested in the science they are developing. But if I'm going to be sick, it will have to be within a comparatively few years. It's all very well to assure me that the psychologists and psychiatrists are making relatively rapid progress and in a couple of generations they can fill the bill nicely for me. You see I won't be sick then. No; then, I'll have made the only complete recovery that is ever made from illness. I'll be dead. And so, I have to depend upon the nurse and, indeed, she can do quite nicely for me and for, let us say, about ninety per cent of the people who get sick.

I am not at all sure that I am making plain to you just what it is I should like from my nurse, but I am very much in earnest about it and it seems very important for me that you should understand it clearly.

So I'll just re-state it as a conclusion to these remarks and then if you have the patience to listen to me another time, I'll go further into the business with you. I want my nurse to help me, as a compound of mind and body but a single person, to adjust myself to the abnormal condition of being seriously sick. I want help to adjust myself to one or other of these four serious situations: (1) to the approaching crisis of the illness; (2) to the after-effects on myself of the passage of that crisis successfully; (3) to the realization that I am done for out of this illness, or (4), finally, to the verdict that, while I am not going to die forthwith, medical science has done all it can and it is not enough and I am going to be chronically sick for what remains of my life.

I take such serious contingencies because what I want is most needed in those instances, and in less serious instances what I want is much easier to give.

MING-MANCHU LEGEND

Mongolian camel caravans
Swing down the high plateaus,
Laden with furs and jade,
Amber and hides and wood.

From Paotao and Kalgan,
Through civil wars and famine,
Unstopped by drought or bandits,
Through Suiyuan and Kalgan
Come the camel caravans.

From wild Mongolian plateaus,
From desert winds of Shamo
To the opulent city of Peking,
The Forbidden City of China,
The cultural city of Peking.

Bringing amber and furs and jade
To the beautiful city of Peking,
To the palace and porcelain tower,
To the dragon throne of the tyrant.

Bringing amber and furs and jade
To the walled city of Peking,
To the royal imperial emperor,
To the city of wealth and plenty
Where no one ever starves.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS.

Why Bolshevism?

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

THE speeches, resolutions, and discussions at the last, the sixteenth Communist party convention, presented Bolshevism to the rest of the world exactly as the party leaders would wish the rest of the world to see it. The machine-like uniformity of all these pronouncements, as actually reported in the Moscow press, shows that they are deliberately planned to produce a definite impression. Since most people will ask two or three essential questions about Bolshevism before they can pass any judgment upon it, the actual words of these pronouncements provide the answer.

These questions are, briefly: What is the essential structure of Bolshevism, in actual practice? What is its principal means or instrument for maintaining that structure? And, what is its main objective?

The picture afforded in answer to the first question is that of a vast majority of workers, first industrial, then rural, absolutely dominated by a highly organized minority, in the interests of highly stimulated production. It is the picture of a people completely subordinated to big-business government, with the sole object of piling up "Soviet" wealth.

Nothing is more significant, in the proceedings of the Sixteenth Congress, than the move away from the principles of a Socialist *cooperative* State towards an ever-increasing minority absolutism. Said Stalin, in his speech of June 27: the chief characteristic of the Sixteenth Congress is "the change from Socialism on individual fronts to Socialism on all fronts." What Socialism on all fronts means was explained on July 8 by V. M. Molotov: "The chief task of the Communist party under present conditions consists in the strengthening of the fight for the weaning of the working masses from social democracy" (*Pravda*, July 8). "The bankrupt trades-union leadership" is stigmatized by *Pravda* on July 25, which quotes the cat-like words of Stalin (in headline capitals): "*It follows that cooperation acts in a given case not as a Socialist sector but as an eccentric sector, infected with a certain nepman-ish spirit*"; too much freedom left to cooperate will result in independence like that of the "nepmen" (petty traders).

This passage from the cooperative to the absolutistic spirit is to be demonstrated in the rural program of "solidly" collectivized agriculture; by the ruthless extermination of all peasant opposition under the title of "kulaks" or independent peasants; the rejection of the "Right" principle of relying on voluntary cooperation (Rykov, Tomsky, Uglov), and the adoption of the consequent policy of force. M. I. Kalinin, on July 23, threw light on the new policy (*italics mine*):

Every peasant, including the byednaks [poorest peasants], dreams, thinks of being if not a kulak—the kulak for the Soviet regime is a very odious figure—then at least an independent peasant, a substantial farmer. Every peasant dreams of this, but we direct all his forces, all his activity against this. This means literally turning a man upside down. *It is plain in what sense this task is an extraordinarily political task.*

A fine distinction is drawn between "general party

pressure" and "arbitrary administration." The former is to be harmonized with "spontaneity," and he wisely remarks:

I do not now undertake the task of explaining to you how this shall be carried out in practice. It is important for me to elucidate the Bolshevik concept of spontaneity as balanced against the opportunistic concept, which excludes active general work and organized general pressure. . . . Never confuse general pressure with arbitrary administration. In this is the essence of the question.

"Years and years are needed," said Mr. Yakovlev, Commissar of Agriculture (*Izvestiya*, July 12), to "make over the peasant," and get rid of his "small property ideas." With the change of attitude towards merely voluntary cooperation, a *new incentive* must be found, so as to overcome the repugnance of helpless workers and peasants. Said L. M. Kaganovitch (*Izvestiya*, July 1):

Shock brigades and Socialist competition are the new form of Socialist relations. . . . The task of the shock brigades is to undermine the groups of workers who stand out against the shock-tempo of labor, to carry the war on against that handful of workers who wish to grasp much and give little, about whom Lenin spoke. . . . The shock-brigade movement is absolutely a mass movement, coming from below. . . . [Quoting Lenin] "Trades-union politics of the working classes is precisely a bourgeois politics of the working classes." . . . Shock brigades and socialist competition, that mighty historic movement, began in spite of the trades-unions.

Says *Pravda* (July 25, italics theirs):

In such rural parts, where the competition and shock-brigade movement comes under the unweakened leadership of party organizations and the administration of the sovkhozy [State farms] and kolkhozy, it effects and hastens the drawing of the masses into the kolkhoz system and makes possible the successful eradication of the remains of capitalism in the country. [Unfortunately, however, due to the isolation from the masses, they] do not grow quantitatively and deteriorate qualitatively. . . . We have not yet outlived the old defect of competition, when in the pursuit of high norms of output the individual shock troopers forget the second more important task: definitely to fight for quality of production.

The answer to the second question asked above, as to the specific means employed by Bolshevism to secure the absolute domination of the majority by the minority, was supplied in one of his recent news-letters by Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*. He pointed out that the Soviets, despite their declarations of peace, are organizing more and more definitely on a war basis. After twelve years of unbroken sway, Bolshevism is still talking in terms of "mobilization of the masses;" "fronts," "battles," "sectors," and "troops" of every conceivable kind; with as carefully elaborated a system of war psychology as to foreign countries as can possibly be devised. All foreign news is a communication from the battle front; and the Moscow press, in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, reads like a survival of 1917. Yet Moscow carefully fosters here the illusion of peace,—amongst other illusions; which, as the writer recently stated, are our most immediate danger.

The kulak and the saboteur have taken the place of the German spy and the U-boat. With the intensification of this complicated, centralized growth, has the purpose of world revolution (the answer to our third question), been abandoned?

Absolutely no such indication, not the slightest hint of any change in policy, is afforded by the Sixteenth Congress, which fully knew that a word to that effect would greatly reassure the world. On the contrary, V. M. Molotov, on July 7, stated clearly (italics mine):

The great perspectives of the Communist International found their *best expression* in the program of the Komintern adopted in the Sixth All-World Congress. That program proposes to itself a program of *combat for the world dictatorship of the proletariat*. This means a program of rejection of imperialism and liberation of the working classes from imperialistic oppression. *This program is already made practically incarnate* and living in the victorious construction of Socialism in the USSR.

What "world dictatorship of the proletariat" means, is sufficiently indicated by present Bolshevik practice towards unwilling workers smugly called "capitalistic elements," and throws light on "the firm and decisive world policy" enjoined on the Central Committee by the resolutions of the Sixteenth Congress. Nor is there any indication that this world dictatorship will depart from the time-honored basis of total irreligion. Said M. I. Kalinin (July 23): "We have been waging since a long time past a systematic anti-religious propaganda."

Towards the anti-religious propaganda Mr. Kalinin applies precisely the same distinctions and principles (of "general pressure," etc.) that he and others use for the admittedly deadly war to the knife against the "kulak" and the saboteur.

Can it be, for instance, that we do not carry on an agitation for the closing of the churches? Of course we do. But how must we accomplish that? It is necessary that the churches be closed under general pressure, and by administrative measures; it is necessary that the majority of the citizens exercising pressure should declare for the closing of the churches. . . . They say, further, that the stumbling-block is our Soviet industry, our collectivization, our combat with kulakism, our anti-religious propaganda, our combat with saboteurs and counter-revolutionists. . . .

Intended or not, Mr. Kalinin's parallels in the line of "combat" give the case away. How "general pressure" closes churches, and does many other things besides, against the free worship of God has been amply shown by this spring's persecution of German Catholic priests in Russia. But on one essential point let American readers not be mistaken. The "Five-Year Plan" *within* Russia, Bolshevism "victorious construction," is the planned basis of a similar "general pressure" upon the world.

THE PERFECT POET

I think He dreamed it all one summer day
While resting by the shore of Galilee:
His two friends broken-spirited that He
Has passed through pain away from them, and they,
Their eyes fast held by sorrow on the way
In spirit burn, while He all prophecy
From ancient times explains and presently
Reveals Himself when far-spent is the day.

Thus dreamed He while the small gold waves made gold
Lights in His dreaming eyes, even as I
Would dream of friends, and even so as you.
We try to catch with burning words and hold
Our thought. A Perfect Poet knew to die
And make the beauty of His dream come true.

SISTER MARIELLA.

Sociology**"Used to Be a Nice Neighborhood"**

JOHN WILTBYE

I TURNED the corner as the bells rang midnight, and I paused in the shadows. I looked up and I saw a man with his throat cut.

It was a quiet neighborhood through which I was strolling for a breath of air before turning in for the night. A fog had drifted in from the river, and the gray pile of a great Gothic church at the corner loomed faintly through the mist. But there was light enough from a street lamp to see that the man's throat was cut. Rills of blood gushed from the wound and dripped on his torn, soiled shirt. As he reeled about, he weakly brandished a baseball bat, and cursed in subdued tones, emitting, with an air of detachment, general anathemas, directed at no one in particular.

With the incurious curiosity characteristic of city people, a knot of passers-by had stopped to gaze. They offered no comment, for it was no business of theirs, and made no move, except when the brandished bat all but grazed their heads. Then the circle wavered, but remained unbroken, held intact by their unspoken inquiry. Suddenly it parted, and out of the group a man ran yelling to the corner. It was exactly like a talking picture, or that scene in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights," when the Dictator shatters the repose of a quiet Parisian quarter with his frenzied shouting, as he dashes in pursuit of Scrymgeour.

I followed with my eyes and then with my feet, for the bellowing creature turned in, I thought, at the corner drugstore. The shop was deserted, strangely quiet. A perturbed individual emerged from the mysterious den dimly discerned at the rear of every such establishment, and came forward with a look of inquiry.

"Did that man run in here?" I asked.

His face grew ashen. "A friend of yours?" he faltered.

"Nothing of the kind. But he seems to have done for a man down the street."

The shopkeeper wrung his hands, and unloosed his tongue. Together we walked to the door of the shop, where the air was a bit cooler, and his words came tumbling in a broken stream. Yes, the dirty loafer was back there washing up. He needed a lot of ointments and bandages too, and he took them without the courtesy of asking leave.

"They'll ruin my business," he wailed. "Ever since the speakeasies came into this neighborhood, they run in, three, four, times, a night. Nice people don't want to come here any more. Ain't it awful? I got a wife and kids too, but I don't keep them in this neighborhood. Look at it! A speakeasy right next door, and two more down the block, and half a dozen round the corner in those fine apartment houses. Used to be a nice neighborhood too!"

I glanced at the gray Gothic church that lay unresponsive, uncomplaining, in all its serene beauty, amid this municipal tragedy.

"Yes," said the shopkeeper, following my glance, "when we didn't have Prohibition you couldn't sell booze on the same block with a church or a school. Now we have speakeasies next door to the church. It's fierce for the kids. That's why I moved mine out—it used to be a nice neighborhood too. They see all this fighting and hear all this cursing, and then these painted women and these dirty loafers—what's a man going to do? Yesterday at seven o'clock I come into my store, and a fine machine drives up and the driver hollers, 'Where is it?' I say nothing. Then two girls and two boys fall out. They look respectable, but you can't tell nowadays, when respectable girls try to act like bums. But as I'm telling you, they fall out and they just can walk, but they know where that speakeasy is. At seven o'clock in the morning! Hoisting 'em in! Girls, too! Ain't it hell now?" I agreed that it was.

"But why don't you complain to the police?"

"Police? Don't make me laugh. I did. They said there were no speakeasies in this part of town. Why every sixteen-year old girl in the block can make you a list of 'em. That's why I moved out, I tell you. I'd move my store, too, but I can't. I'm tied up with a lease. I don't want my kids in this kind of a place. And say, that ain't all. They're speakeasies all right, but lots of 'em are something worse. Right around the corner in that big apartment house coming in and out all hours! Fine for your kids, ain't it? Used to be a nice neighborhood, too. What's a man going to do?"

Just then the drugstore man's assistant came back. He jerks soda water and cuts the sandwiches.

"Sure, I know 'em, boss," he stated. "That fellow who came in here, Jim, they call him. Well, he and another guy got fightin', and the speakeasy man throws 'em out. Then Jim, he pulls his knife, and he gives the other guy a dirty cut in the neck. Bad? Sure, it's bad. They're talkin' now about what kinda doctor they can get who'll keep his mouth shut. Then the other guy, he picks up a bat, and he lams Jim right across the face with it, and when Jim falls down, he kicks him in the mouth. Then Jim gets up, and he grabs the bat, and he bangs the other guy over the head, and he hops in here."

At that moment, Jim came out. His forehead was cut, his cheekbone seemed to be fractured, his mouth was swollen, and I think a few of his teeth were on the sidewalk down the street.

I looked around for a cop. Jim had a belligerent air. But with a fine directness the soda jerker solved the problem. It was worthy of Napoleon at Austerlitz.

"Beat it," he yelled. "Here's that guy's gang."

Jim beat it, not so much by running, as by melting instantaneously into the gloom. It was as though some genie had rubbed a lamp.

It was not the gang that came up, but a villainous-looking individual who talked out of the corner of his mouth. "Me friend's hoited," said this vinous Samaritan. He had used quite a lot of the wine, if not the oil, on his own wounds. "He's hoited bad."

"Take him to the Emergency," advised the druggist. "You can't bring him in here. It's only a couple of

blocks away. You know I can't touch a case like that."

"Naw. Y' gotta have a bull wit' ye to git in Emergency." His boiled eye rolled in my direction.

"Get him a pint or two of prussic acid," I suggested in a kindly tone, "and drink what he leaves."

He favored me with a glance that would have been priceless in an illustrated edition of Lombroso. Then he dismissed me from the picture.

"Yer' coverin' up for somebody," he flung at the druggist, as he went, "ye dirty rat."

"Now there you are again," mourned the druggist. "If I let 'em in, they spoil trade. If I throw 'em out, I got an enemy. Some day they'll come in and bust me all up. Say, I wish I could get out of this neighborhood. Used to be a nice neighborhood too."

I had no consolation to offer. Once more the street was quiet. Somewhere the bells chimed, and were silent. One deep note floated out over the city. I went home feeling that all was not well. Then—

I glanced back at the gray Gothic church, serene under the misty skies, surrounded by speakeasies, perturbed neighbors, scandalized children, and foul-mouthed loafers. Somehow, I thought, that church ought to find a remedy. Isn't that what churches are for?

Unfortunately the head of that church is our most prominent local Prohibitionist. "Used to be a nice neighborhood," said the druggist. The minister thinks it still is.

* * *

All that happened on Thursday night. Sunday morning I dropped in after Mass for a chat with my old friend, Dr. Wales. He was not in good humor. He is a genuinely pious man, good to the poor, but there are times when I wonder how he manages to retain his membership in the Holy Name. His language, when he talks about profiteering landlords and Prohibition, is picturesque and accurate, but banned.

"Just as I was leaving the hospital this morning, a taxi man brought in two boys and a girl. He said a speak-easy proprietor had thrown them out, and he thought they were sick. Decent sort that bird—the taxi man, I mean. Most of the girl's clothes had been torn off, and he'd put his old rain coat on her. Well, the boys slumped over on that bench—that X Y Z bench that should have been in the furnace years ago—slumped over and died. Just like that. An all-night party, you know. I hope they were in a state of grace. I don't know what happened to the other boys and girls. Perhaps they're dead too by this time. The girl? Perhaps she'll pull through, perhaps not. More likely not, I'd say. Isn't this Prohibition hell?"

"Well," I replied with dignity. "Suppose Prohibition does ruin nice neighborhoods, and send young boys and girls to hell? Don't you know that Prohibition has sanctified the community by doubling the accounts in our savings banks?"

Then something happened. In fact, several things happened. Mrs. Wales ran in to see who was wrecking the doctor's office.

I intend to prefer charges against Brother Wales at the next meeting of the Holy Name Society.

Education

Catholic College Atmosphere

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

IF I am asked to use Paley's argument for my own conversion, I say plainly I do not want to be converted by a smart syllogism; if I am asked to convert others by it, I say plainly I do not care to overcome their reason without touching their hearts. I wish to deal, not with controversialists, but with inquirers." (Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, p. 413). This is a more elaborated statement of the Cardinal's better-known aphorism that no man is converted by a syllogism.

Am I beside my point when I declare that Catholic colleges "touch the heart" of their students, while not ignoring but forcibly insisting on the value and necessity of the "syllogism," viz., the rational and apologetic grounds of faith, the existence of the personal Deity, the redemption, the infallible Church, individual conscience, unchanging morality, etc.? For this "touching the heart," so closely allied to the "overcoming of the reason," takes place in Catholic colleges from the early morning to the late evening class. The Faith is lived in the academic cloisters during this time; the students meet it as a living reality; take it for granted as such a living being, and their characters and their lives are consciously and unconsciously influenced in consequence.

An incident in the life of the college with which until recently I was connected, again illustrated for us and very forcibly the atmosphere of a Catholic institution. One of the students was instantly killed in an automobile accident on Holy Saturday. His people in telephoning the tragic news to the college authorities derived the greatest consolation from the fact that the young man had been to confession that afternoon, and from being told in turn that he had been a daily communicant in the chapel of the college dormitory hall, where he had been residing during his freshman and sophomore years. He was a pre-medical student. His parents might have sent him to a non-Catholic institution. In this case would their consolation and his future reward have been as great?

The effect on the student body may be easily imagined, as the young man was of an upstanding, affable character. When classes resumed after the Easter holidays, the students, in their Catholic faith, gathered a "spiritual bouquet" of Masses to be said and heard, Communions to be offered, and prayers to be whispered in the secret of their hearts for the repose of their "buddy's" soul, trusting in the Christian hope that they would all meet again in the company of the risen Saviour. Would the young man's people have exchanged that bouquet for the social prestige of any non-Catholic college? Could the lesson to his fellow-students have been learned in a different collegiate atmosphere?

Another illustration of atmosphere in the Catholic collegiate institution is had in the subject of the foreign missions. Our college students are aroused by the entrancing narrative of a visiting missionary bishop or priest. Youthful admiration is inflamed for the heroic sacrifices

so often demanded of him or her who gives up father and mother, brother and sister, country and comparative luxury for Christ's sake. Appreciation of and zeal for one's own Faith are naturally and supernaturally, we may hope, aroused in consequence. Vocations are known to have been thus initiated or developed. Always a generous financial support is forthcoming from the students, though not infrequently this entails the sacrifice of such money, or curtails the weekly allowance for pleasure. The heart has been touched and, doubtless, the force of the syllogism drawn from the moral argument for the spread of Christianity has flashed more clearly and convincingly before the mind of the Catholic college student.

Need I add that all this, while not detracting from the academic efficiency of our colleges, is lacking in the non-Catholic institution of higher learning?

Atmospheres are indigenous. At a doctor's advice, people make their homes in distant territories and at financial losses. Life and health are nature's great largess; religious life and health are the soul's breathings. And the most salubrious airs for strengthening precious Catholic faith are those of a Catholic college. This is the doctrine of that wisest of physicians, the Catholic Church.

The heart has been touched! And all of us are the better for it. Without it, how low and mean are the poor human natures even of educated adults! Shamefaced as we are in the secret admission, we must continually resort to props, lest we grovel in selfishness and allied ills of a soul-encased body. That these tendencies are more virulent in youth than in middle-age I must leave to the judgment of a Thomas à Kempis or other practical psychologist. Their presence in the morning, noon and evening of life, we all know. It is in the Catholic college that a hundred appeals to high, noble and heroic ideals are had that are necessarily lacking in the unreligious institution. I have instanced some; another is the month of May, with its incomparable ideal of the Mother of God, our tainted nature's solitary boast, focused before the eyes of the Catholic college student. Tribute to this devotion's purely humanitarian value is paid not only by non-Catholic poets but, to be specific, by such a materialistic sociologist as Professor Giddings of Columbia. The missions and the Blessed Virgin Mary are but two instances. A Catholic college is replete with others: the Sodality, the chapel assembly with an instruction, the student's Mission Crusade, etc.

I spoke above of the "Grammar of Assent." May I at my peril of rhetorical or other errors quote an inimitable paragraph from page 75, though it is to be found in many English anthologies?

Let us consider how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages which to a boy are mere rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after genera-

tion, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the medieval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time.

Maturity, Newman then proceeds, brings not only a fuller realization of nature's truths, but also, as a rule, a similar appreciation of the supernatural. Higher education, we know, is its own intellectual solace, especially in later years. It is true that the self-educated man may partake of the same fruits as his college-bred companion, but the former will deplore the handicap that has been his. I think the parallel holds too for religious education in the case of the Catholic collegian. Religious truths, imbibed, perfunctorily perhaps, in immature collegiate days, "come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness."

I am far from denying the same to the Catholic graduate from a non-Catholic college. No one would dare limit the influence of Divine grace. On the other hand nature and grace have their striking similarities. So please pardon a further insistence. It will readily be granted, with all respect to the self-educated man, that the college-trained youth is more likely to appreciate in later life "the utterance of that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things" of classic authors than his self-educated associate. Such too is the religious case between the alumni of the Catholic and the non-Catholic college. But here the stake of "better things" is infinite. To win it explains the sacrifices of parents and collegiate faculties. To win it is the sole explanation of the Catholic college.

SLEEPER

The years went by like quiet sheep
That move across a hill
The while their shepherd, sound asleep,
Had dreamed them with him still.

Oh sad the fellow when he wakes
And finds the gay years done,
And watches how the darkness takes
The rear guards of the sun.

C. T. LANHAM.

AN ASSOCIATION BOOK

To think that Keats once held this volume dear,
And pondered it on many a lonely night.
Perhaps, beside Tom's bed with lowered light,
It made his vigil not so hard to bear,
The while he read with half averted ear
And head a little toward the piteous sight
Of his young brother sleeping, lest he might
Lift weary eyelids and not find him near.
Ah, Keats who loved to summon a remote
And favorite poet back to life, and took
Delight in things he used, would understand
This sudden pain, this catching at the throat,
And know the reason, as I hold this book,
Why warm, unbidden tears fall on my hand.

PAULA KURTH.

With Scrip and Staff

I HAPPENED to be revolving in my mind the latest census figures on the valuation of church property, as my friend the mathematician drove me around his native heaths, which are generously endowed with churches, parsonages, and cemeteries of many denominations. Some of these figures I was about to discuss with him, when my eyes were caught by an advertisement of "High Class Cheese for Sale" outside of an ancient corner store, with the title MOSES BIRMINGHAM in large letters above it. We were passing at the moment through Edenville, where there is, incidentally, a singular monument, which I leave for the curious to discover for themselves. The hour was half past one, when the salt air and the effects of a morning dip reminded us that lunch was still twenty miles distant. "I can recommend the cheese," said the mathematician, and enough was said.

The low-ceiled store contained the usual country assortments, from hardware to bonnets. There was a kind of booth in the middle, with windows in it; and you saw a shelf-full of ledgers and day-books inside. Out of a sort of labyrinth of counters and partitions came an old lady, who started to talk at once, as if she read my mind.

"My brother Moses," she began, "has long since left this world. The store, however, founded in 1820, is 110 years old. Of course I have not been here all that time. But all the time I have been here I have been in the store. You want some cheese? One pound? Please sample it first. Must be tasted before purchasing."

With that she sliced off two matched slivers, one for my companion, the other for myself; and continued:

"About the monument? Yes, I gave the land for it; and made two deadly enemies: one from East Wilkesville, and one from Barley Center. Each of those two ladies wrote to me saying that I was desecrating the dead in giving my ancestral acre for public purposes; and why, too, shouldn't it be put on their land? Dear me, what logic! And they have never spoken a word to me since. All communications cut off. Such is human nature. That's my name on it, yes: 'Land Donated by Hepzibah M. Birmingham.' But I don't know whether I really approve of my name being there. Matter on which there can be difference of opinion. Keeping store has just become a habit with me. But no profit since the A. & P. got into it. I don't grieve over people spending money as they wish and where they wish; but when they are spending *my* money I object. Owe me for old bills; and taking *my* money to pay instalments on their cars! I suppose I ought to give up; but I just can't think of it. We keep a little of everything. Quite a problem to prevent the stock from becoming old and superfluous. The satisfaction is *contacts*. Contacts: with representative, delightful people. They come here and buy cheese and many articles; and then there is the stimulating interchange of thought. Now here's *your* cheese (addressing my companion). Oh dear! I have cut off too much. One pound and a quarter. You don't want an extra quarter pound?"

Of course the mathematician, being chivalrous, did want it; and she started on the other slice.

"Unfortunately the younger generation are not up to the standard. Clambakes, for instance. When they go, no more church clambakes. Our minister gets only \$1,000 a year; the clambakes supply the rest. We cleared \$700 on the last one: sold 1,074 tickets. But who, oh, who will run the clambakes when we old folks are gone? Oh dear, what have I done? I have cut off a *pound and a half*. That will be seventy-two cents. An error. I shall make it good at once, and cut another slice, putting this back. You don't, do you, want all that much?"

"A pound and a half just my style, ma'am," I replied—Lord knows why; and inwardly wondered where a third pound of cheese would have gotten us. "So many interesting phases of this life," continued Hepzibah, as she wrapped up the cheese in plain brown paper and twine. "So many historical associations. You will surely pass this way again."

If ever I do, I shall retain a Shylock for the occasion.

"She owns everything in sight," said the mathematician, who knows the neighborhood. "If it isn't in the millions, it is in the hundred thousands. Result of 110 years of Birmingham. And all those *contacts*."

AS we drove munchingly on, my mind reverted to the value of church edifices, as contained in the census report, and conveniently summarized by Mr. C. Luther Fry ("The United States Looks at its Churches," pages 76 to 86) briefly as follows:

In 1926 the reported value of church edifices was more than \$3,840,000,000. Even this high total far underestimates the value of all church property. The total value of church edifices has been increasing very rapidly. It was \$1,258,000,000 in 1906, had increased to \$1,677,000,000 in 1916, and to \$3,840,000,000 in 1926.

In Chart XXVII the value of church edifices per adult member for the principal denominations in 1926 is given. These range from Church of Christ, Scientist, \$359.00; Protestant Episcopal Church, \$243.00, down to Catholic Church, \$63.00; Negro Baptists, \$58.00; Mormons, \$41.00, and the Jewish Congregations, \$33.00. This does not mean the author expects that the churches of these denominations are comparatively inexpensive. "Quite the reverse. The usual Catholic church is worth \$52,000; while Jewish synagogues have an average value of \$86,000, which is higher than for any other denomination in the United States. The point is that these non-Protestant churches operate fewer churches with larger memberships, thus materially reducing the per capita outlay for edifices."

We learn, moreover, that "the value of church edifices alone represents an investment of \$48.01 for every American over thirteen years of age; but naturally these amounts vary considerably from place to place. City churches involve greater outlays than do country churches. In centers of 5,000 and over, the value of church edifices is equivalent to \$62.83 for every man and woman over thirteen living there; but in town and country this amount is only \$32.80."

The present investment of \$48.01 per adult inhabitant compares with \$24.57 in 1916 and with \$21.93 in 1906. "Even these averages are far higher than the rough figures available for earlier decades." During the past twenty years the most rapid increase in the total value of church edifices has taken place, not in the wealthy North nor in the rapidly growing far West, but in the South

and Southwest. In the case of the Methodist Episcopal Church analysis shows that the increase is due to newly invested funds quite as much as to unearned increment; and the same may be presumed of other denominations.

The most rapid increase in property values are shown by the Christian Scientists, two of the principal Lutheran bodies, and the Disciples of Christ, "each of which shows an increase of more than 300 per cent."

AFTER my quoting two or three of the foregoing figures to the mathematician, he shook his head. "Apart from the land they are built upon," he said, "what, after all, is the actual marketable or exchange value of these church edifices?"

I believe there is something in his doubt; and that it would be well to recall it when legislators get busy with projects of church taxation. For churches cannot be used for any purpose except religious worship. The Communists boast that they are turning churches into schools, clubs, and movie-theaters. But the American standard of classrooms, clubhouses or even theaters is such that it cannot be adopted to a church building, without prohibitory expense. Even were the equipment or furniture of the churches sold at auction, its price would be found to have evaporated as did the price of the fabled "milliards of the Congregations," forcibly seized in 1904 by the French anti-clericals, Combes and Waldeck-Rousseau.

"Would you deny, then, these statements of actual value?" I asked the mathematician.

"No," he replied; "but I would place it on another basis than that of marketable or exchange worth."

"You mean a basis of sentiment, like Hepzibah Birmingham's attachment to her store, which means more for her than all her much more valuable holdings?"

"Not sentiment," he answered, "but actual objective, I might say measurable values, even if they are not in the material order. Nor do I estimate their value—from a business point of view, merely on the investment they represent, that which has been put into them; as she again doubtless thinks of her store, as the investment of her whole life's activities."

"It is the actual present spiritual worth that this property represents: namely, the continued good will, the continued readiness to meet all obligations."

"Hence," I replied, "even the purely economic world recognizes the worth of conscience and of the spirit of sacrifice, recognizes the worth of those guarantees which the conscience, the sense of justice, of higher Church authorities lends to the valuation of the property which they control as officials or administrators."

"It is recognized to the extent they will lend money on it," he replied, bluntly, "which is the economists' test."

Since neither of us were economists, we let the subject drop there. But since, then, while finishing my pound and a half of Hepzibah's cheese, I stop and wonder how and where present-day business expects to come out, if it complacently looks on the decay and destruction of religion, as the one agency which can establish any real values in this world, whether of church edifices or anything else.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

Our Theatrical Sewers

ELIZABETH JORDAN

THREE weeks ago, in Paris, an American woman who was a stranger to me abruptly addressed me in a hotel elevator.

"Sight-seeing is hard work, isn't it?" she sighed.

"It is," I sympathetically admitted.

"I've just been doing the sewers of Paris," she continued with another sigh. "This is my first visit to Europe and I have only three days for Paris, but my friends told me to visit the sewers first, so I did."

"Were they interesting?" I asked. I have made dozens of visits to Paris, but I have never seen its sewers, and something tells me I never will.

"Yes, they were interesting—but kind of exhausting, too."

"What else are you going to see?" I asked the question with increasing interest. To see Paris in three days called for some doing. My countrywoman drew her third deep sigh.

"Not much," she admitted. "Of course I've got to get some clothes here, so I'll see some of the shops. I did want to visit one of the art galleries—I'm told the Louvre is the best—but I won't have time for that now!"

I thought of this victim last week when I more or less repeated her experience in New York. I landed from my ship Sunday morning, and left for my country home in Massachusetts the following Saturday. This left me just five evenings in which to see New York's new plays and report on them for AMERICA's readers—and in seeing them I made a five-night jaunt through New York's theatrical sewers.

There was, alas, no choice. The good plays I had reviewed before I sailed away early in April. What awaited me now were the midsummer successes, those warm-weather musical and dramatic diversions which ease the nervous strain of the tired business man. Therefore I saw, in the order named, "The Garrick Gaieties," "Stepping Sisters," "Lysistrata," Shubert's "Artists and Models," and "Lost Sheep." I could have crowded in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," at a matinee, but there is a limit to sewer excursions.

The talk of the town, of course, is "Lysistrata," that comedy by Aristophanes which was originally produced in Athens some 400 B.C. and which has been periodically revived ever since. We have had two previous revivals of it in New York, one put on by the women suffragists during their final campaigns, the second only a few years ago and interpreted by the players of the Moscow Art Theater. The present production, at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, is sponsored by the Philadelphia Theater Association. So great is the love of art of some of our press critics that they hastened to Philadelphia to see the first performances there, unable to await the comedy's inevitable visit to our fair city.

As "Lysistrata" comes to us from the mighty hand of Aristophanes, and enveloped in the precious traditions

of the Greek classics, one is supposed to show excessive ignorance and intolerance in criticizing it. It is said to be far beyond criticism. Any criticism of it is pronounced merely a boomerang for the critic. This frightens me, so I will not criticize "Lysistrata." I will merely state, calmly and dispassionately, that it is the most indecent of the many indecent theatrical attractions New York has offered us in recent years; and I will let it go at that.

In "Artists and Models," produced by the Shuberts at the Majestic Theater, one of the characters asks another how he can get to the nearest jail.

"Join the 'Vanities,'" is the blithe response, and it offers the best modern instance I know of the pot calling the kettle black. For years the Shubert revues have urgently invited the sort of investigation Mr. Carroll's "Vanities" are rightly having now, but for some reason they have not received it. Knowing this, and that numerous other revues and dramas are fully as tainted as his "Vanities," Mr. Carroll regards himself as a martyr and is finding sympathizers in his viewpoint. But he has always sailed as close to the winds of theatrical indecency as he dared, and the fact that similar craft are sailing beside his does not lessen his responsibility for his own theatrical cargo. The Shuberts, by the way, are copying two of the best features of the Folies Bergère in Paris—the Undersea Ballet and the Smoking Turk—and are doing it very well. Their Paris-Riviera Edition of 1930 (pronounced *Ree-vee-ra* by the leading actor) offers the tired business man the combination of beauty of production and setting, graceful dancing, vulgarity of dialogue, and suggested indecencies so characteristic of these revues.

Similar comment may be made on "The Garrick Gaieties," produced by the Theater Guild at the Guild Theater, with the admission that the vulgarity of the young persons in the "Gaieties" is not so persistent or so raw as that in "Artists and Models." Also there are some refreshing cases of pure amusement in the "Gaieties." Of these a high spot is the bit picturing Grover Whalen's return to his department-store job—a piece of comedy which Mr. Whalen himself is reported as unable to enjoy. Another good bit is the skit "How to Write for the Movies," and a third is "The Soda Fountain." Funniest of all, to my own taste, is the burlesque on the work of the Moscow Art Theater. One's head is out of the sewer during these numbers, only to be pushed back by such features as "Got It Again," and "Just a Sister."

"Stepping Sisters," put on at the Royale Theater by Albert Bannister, is that depressing spectacle, a persistent and only partly successful effort to be shocking. Three former burlesque queens meet, after twenty years, in the home of one of their number who has married a rich man and established herself as a society leader. One of her former companions has become a great Shakespearean actress. The other is still a burlesque queen. The latter two are sent to the society leader's house as guests during a charity benefit at which they are assisting. Mutual recognition is followed by frantic efforts of the hostess and the Shakespearean star to protect the secret of their past. By way of adding to the gayety and the shock the great Shakespearean actress becomes very much intox-

icated. In the end the terrible secret of the hostess—that she was once a burlesque actress—is discovered by her daughter and her new friends. These latter are so snobbish that the society leader sees how unworthy of her they have been. The final curtain shows her restored to her former associates with their hearts of gold—the tragedienne's feet in the lap of her hostess, and all three ladies companionably drinking beer.

Now what shall I say about "Lost Sheep," a so-called comedy by Bedford Forrest, produced at the Selwyn Theater by George Choos and Jack Donahue? A minister and his wife and their three daughters—. But on second thought it is plain that I can't say anything at all about "Lost Sheep." It was just after seeing "Lost Sheep" that I climbed out of the sewer.

There are those who will swear that "Lost Sheep" is an uplifting drama, and that the impurities and vulgarities I found in it are in my own sinful mind. There are those who will say that about *anything*—even about "Lysistrata."

REVIEWS.

The Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford. Edited by the MARQUIS OF ZETLAND. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$10.00.

Upon the death of the Hon. Richard Orlando Beaconsfield Bridgeman, the grandson of the Lady of this correspondence, and the grand-nephew of Lady Chesterfield, the letters which form this collection passed to his sister, Lady Beatrice Pretymann, by whose permission they are now published. André Maurois, in a gracious foreword, warns the reader who may be adjusting his glass for scandal, that these letters were written when Disraeli was burdened with almost seventy years, and immersed in the deep sorrow that came to him in the death of his wife; that Anne, Countess of Chesterfield, and Selina, Countess of Bradford, were both of them grandmothers; that Lady Chesterfield was two years older than Disraeli, and Lady Bradford fifteen years younger. "From 1873 until his death, he wrote the two incomparable sisters about sixteen hundred letters—five hundred to Lady Chesterfield and eleven hundred to Lady Bradford." Reading some of these letters, one can easily realize their importance as documents for historical study, since many of them, recording the Minister's work in the Commons, his achievements and his victories, give a confidential record of the highlights of a great statesman's political career. Disraeli himself gives the explanation of this outpouring of confidence. When troubled over the Public Worship Regulation Bill he wrote to Lady Bradford: "I have really no one to consult with. . . . I often wish we were wandering in the woods at Weston and that I could try my conclusions on your bright intelligence. I have the greatest confidence in the clear intellect of a faithful female friend." Understanding his respect for what is called female intuition and recalling that the Minister's sensitive nature, which made him crave sympathy and encouragement from a source which he could command in a masterful manner, one finds little difficulty in understanding the great volume of Disraeli's correspondence with Lady Bradford. It is true that he wrote to Lady Chesterfield in the same terms, the same strain, and upon the same topics on which he wrote to her sister. But there is an absence of the glow and radiance which lights the letters to the younger of Lord Forester's daughters, who preferred to play coquette rather than live up to her role of serious grandmother. Of course, in all his correspondence, Disraeli remained sufficiently master of himself to keep from betraying any vital secrets even to a much-loved and deeply appreciated confidante. But when that part of the correspondence which treated of political interests has been disposed of, there still remains a considerable number of letters of almost a purely private nature which

have found their way into this published collection. How far good taste might have set the barriers for such inclusions is difficult to determine. But one feels that the changing canons of taste should leave, at least in the lives of old men who have served their country long and well, some small precinct that might be hallowed ground, guarded as a sacred place from curious, prying eyes.

F. S. P.

The Philippines Past and Present. By DEAN C. WORCESTER. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$6.00.

This is a new, revised and enlarged, one-volume edition of Mr. Worcester's authoritative account of the Philippines. Ralston Hayden, Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan, has added new material dealing with recent developments in the Islands, but the book is substantially the account which the former Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands first issued almost a quarter of a century ago. The book has lost little of its interest since its first appearance. It then attracted attention by its contrast to the author's earlier work about "The Philippines and Their People," correcting as it did some of the false impressions which misrepresentation has fed to the expeditioner's plentiful ignorance, at the time, of the work that Spain and the Catholic Church had done for the Filipinos; it was also of interest for the first-hand views it gave of the insurrection leaders mirrored by themselves, as well as for the valuable record it gave of the dealings of the United States with the Islands. Mr. Worcester's thesis, brought up to date by Mr. Hayden, is that the prosperity which has come to the Filipino under the American flag would not last long were our Government to withdraw from the Islands. By way of proof, he quotes largely from letters and official records, both Filipino and American. Numerous documents are cited to show that independence was never promised the Filipino leaders; that there was no real cooperation between them and the Americans, with whom they had but one thing in common, an enemy. The narrative of the atrocities inflicted by Aguinaldo and his followers on American soldiers and Spaniards, especially priests, has no parallel outside the record of the treatment of the American Martyrs by savage Iroquois. To combat the ignorance and superstition of the people an educational campaign was started, in which "two agencies," Mr. Worcester tells us, "have proved invaluable, namely, the Catholic Church and the public schools." The author shows that education was not neglected during Spanish times and that it even attained considerable importance, but our Government gave more extensive opportunities for receiving a common-school education than existed formerly. It is well for those who are attempting to turn for their own ends this aid of our Government, to remember that three weeks after our army entered Manila, "seven schools were opened there under the supervision of Father W. D. McKinnon," Chaplain of the First California Volunteers. Of whom Mr. Worcester writes: "He was one Chaplain in a thousand. It was always easy to find him. One had only to look where trouble threatened and help was needed. He was sure to be there." Among the good results of American rule are mentioned the building of thousands of miles of highways, trebling the mileage of railroads, the gradual introduction of modern farm machinery, the preservation of valuable forests, the encouragement of agriculture, the establishment of a civil service and of free trade with the United States. With the revisions and additions of Professor Hayden the book stands as a splendid apologia for the American Government in the Islands.

P. M. F.

Kant's Conception of God. By F. E. ENGLAND, M. A., PH. D. New York: The Dial Press.

One of the unfortunate features of modern philosophy is the lack of a definite terminology; it is almost impossible to find two non-Scholastic writers who use words in precisely the same way. The consequence is an almost hopeless obscurity. Such expressions as "the real," "the actual," "concept," "identity," and many others, have acquired four or five or more meanings and the non-Scholastic philosopher seems to think it beneath his dignity to

state clearly just what precise meaning is his. In this respect Dr. England's study is worse than most, for to Kant's obscurity he adds his own. The fact that the book is intended for philosophers is hardly an excuse; even a philosopher is hampered somewhat if he has to stop at every sentence to eliminate by careful deductions, comparisons and *reducciones ad absurdum* all but the one intended meaning of the terms. Take this sentence, for example: "On the one hand God is conceived as the systematic unity of that reality which is the material of all possible, non-contradictory notions." Or this: "Kant claims to have avoided that error (that God is the cause of himself), not, indeed, by logical proof that God is the ultimate ground of which all other things are consequents, for that is impossible, but by the metaphysical postulate that such absolute ground is also a necessary presupposition if the world of contingent reality is to be rendered intelligible." This is bad writing and bad thinking as well; for it is impossible to explain Kant clearly without constantly distinguishing between "God" as a required idea and God as a Being necessarily existent outside the mind. Save for his obscurity, however, Dr. England has produced an excellent piece of work. His examination of Kant's argument for the existence of God as the ground of possibility and his exposition of Kant's criticism of the ontological argument are especially interesting.

D. P. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Studies in Literature.—"Do You Know English Literature?" (Appleton. \$3.50) is a book of questions and answers for students and general readers arranged by Blanche Colton Williams and John Macy. The six chapters of the book bring the student or reader, first from the beginning to the Age of Elizabeth, then through the Age of Elizabeth to the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries and on to the Age of Romanticism and Victorianism. The authors modestly avow that except in verifiable matters, such as dates, this book does not pretend to be ultimate or conclusive, but is aimed rather to excite and lure the reader into further readings. The book is a treasure house for teachers and tutor for students threatened with an examination in English literature.

In a volume of more than a thousand pages, Percy H. Houston and Robert M. Smith have gathered together "Types of World Literature" (Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50) that range from the early classics to the modern accepted literary masterpieces. The book is not without appeal to the general reader, but its chief purpose is to satisfy the demand for courses in comparative literature and to aid students towards a better appreciation. The editors have been guided by the belief that only by studying the great artists of many countries can students form standards of comparison and begin to acquire a discriminating taste for literary excellence. The book gives a chronological table of authors and carefully prepared indexes.

In the series of Century readings in English literature has been included John W. Cunliffe's excellent anthology of "Century Readings in the English Novel" (Century. \$3.50). The authors selected are arranged chronologically as Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Century novelists. The last named group is treated in critical and biographical comments, without giving selections. In the other groups short sketches of the authors' lives and works are given together with the selections. Although the latter are generally well-unified episodes which can be read with appreciation apart from their contexts, their primary purpose is to lead the reader to adventure further into the novels from which they have been extracted. However, one wonders, if in an anthology of this kind the reader is inclined to rest satisfied with a brief digest or a short extract and deluded with a false sense of acquired knowledge of the authors discussed.

Agnes Muir Mackenzie attempts a study of the philosophy of creative writings in "The Process of Literature" (Harper. \$3.50). To this task she brings a wide experience as a novelist and a knowledge of popular psychology. In fact Miss Mackenzie uses her knowledge of psychology by indicating avenues of thought, instead of exploring them fully with the reader, by suggesting

and provoking thought rather than exhausting a subject about which the reader may have some knowledge and convictions of his own. Miss Mackenzie, borrowing from the evolutionists, would have the literary process begin with the stimulus that comes from an idea or a sensation, and work through its subconscious stages into its final emergence as a work of art. Here one finds many old theories in a new disguise, but all so interestingly presented and so well worked into a logical pattern that even those who disagree with Miss Mackenzie's theories will find them interesting and stimulating.

Shakespeareana.—Not in the role of critic and censor, but as one exulting in happy discoveries captured from biographical and literary investigations, Edgar I. Fripp, life trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace, writes his "Shakespeare Studies" (Oxford Univ. Press. \$2.50). This volume completes the picture already outlined in the author's "Shakespeare's Stratford," "Shakespeare's Haunts near Stratford," and other works about the poet's native country. Here the reader is introduced to a friend of Shakespeare's grandfather, also to John Brownsword: poet and schoolmaster at Stratford, and to other worthies who entered into the happy youth of the Bard of Avon. There are also studies of Falstaff and Jaques, revealing and interpreting the artist and a flood of light is cast on Doctor John Paul. The book will have a stronger interest and appeal to scholars than to the general reader.

The very attractive volume, "Shakespeare's Ideals of Womanhood" (Roycrofters. \$5.00), by George William Gerwig, is but another confirmation that human nature remains the same throughout the ages. The author has chosen thirteen of the heroines of Shakespeare's plays as examples of the dramatist's ideals. In lighter mood one can study the characters of Portia, Juliet, of Rosalind, or Ophelia; in a more serious frame of mind the reader can study the complexity of moods found in the characters of Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, and Cleopatra; or in a spirit of curiosity he may study some of the other members of this delightful company. The author believes that these characters are more easily like the typical American girl of today than like the girls or women of any other time or country. "In the readiness of her wit and the sunniness of her charm" he says, "Shakespeare may almost be said to have discovered the American girl three hundred years before she discovered herself." Mr. Gerwig helps to keep alive the spirit of chivalry and reverence for womanhood.

"Hamlet" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00) is the first of a projected series of single-volume editions of Shakespeare edited by Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University. The present volume gives evidence of the painstaking care which editor and publishers alike have used in its preparation. Printed on thin paper and bound in flexible covers, the book is suited for the classroom or the library. But the format is in keeping with the text and the notes and commentaries of the editor. Unfortunately, however, the price of this edition may limit its use as a class-room text.

Priedieu Papers.—The Rev. H. J. Untraut has compiled in handy form a series of "Devotions for the Sick" (Bruce. 20c.), including liturgical prayers, a Way of the Cross for the sick, and hymns for Benediction. This little pamphlet is intended for use in hospitals and for those convalescents who are well enough to attend chapel services. Recognizing the difficulty met by the sick in putting forth any sustained mental effort, the compiler has selected the prayers as much for their brevity and simplicity, as for their devotional qualities.

From Australia comes a little manual compiled by Bernard O'Connor, of Corpus Christi College, for "The Altar Server" (Pellegrini and Co.) This little handbook for altar boys is divided into four parts giving general information, explanations of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Roman, Carmelite, and Dominican Rites, of the ceremonies outside of Mass, i.e., distribution of Holy Communion and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and listing some private devotions. The author has drawn charts to illustrate the text. Archbishop Mannix writes the preface.

Mrs. Joseph W. McClory, Legume Farm, Trowbridge, Illinois, published the account of "The Little Herald of the Enthronement" (Trowbridge. 10c.), written by the Rev. John P. Clarke. This is a delightful little story, charged with pleasant humor and edifying details of the youthful apostle of devotion to the Sacred Heart. It will have a strong appeal to children and win them gently to imitation of "Little Jane" and enlist their cooperation in spreading the "Reign of Jesus, the King of Love, in countless hearts."

"In Honour of the Little Flower" (Corpus Christi Carmel, Middleton, N. Y. 10c.) is a small handbook of novena prayers and devotions, together with suggestions for sermons and readings, by the Rt. Rev. John Pius Dowling, O.P., Archbishop of Port of Spain. Following the prayers for each day of the novena, there are short stories from the life of the "Little Flower" and suggested readings to meet the devotional needs of the clients of "God's Youngest Saint."

Among the important additions to the pamphlet rack may be noted: "Christ True God" (America. 5c.), by Martin J. Scott, S.J.; "Why Be Moral?" (Paulist. 5c.), by the Rev. George Johnson, Ph.D., "Saint Thomas Aquinas" (Paulist. 5c.), by a Dominican Father; "A Poison and its Antidote" (Catholic Truth Soc., Toronto. 5c.) by K. J. McRae; and "An Heroic Abbess of Reformation Days" (Central Bureau C. C. V. of A., St. Louis, Mo. 5c.), by Francis Mannhardt, S.J.

Elements of Science.—Especially in mental diseases the nurse is a recognized factor in assisting patients to make desirable adjustments. For this reason the nurse should be familiar with the fundamental principles underlying human conduct. To acquire this knowledge there is no better source available for the Catholic nurse than "Elements of Psychology for Nurses" (Bruce. \$2.50), by the Rev. J. F. Barrett. This book gives the nurse a solid foundation in the Catholic philosophy and psychology connected with her field of activity. It gives the nurse a better grasp and understanding of the workings of the human mind, both normal and abnormal. The chapters dealing with the freedom of the will and the nature of the human soul are most instructive and timely. They may well act as a safeguard against the pernicious errors common in the world of medical practice today. As the need is felt in training schools for a sane course in psychology, both for its own intrinsic value and as a prerequisite to the study of psychiatry, Father Barrett's book may be heartily recommended as a text.

The subject matter of "Problems in General Science" (American Book Co. \$1.72), by George W. Hunter and Walter G. Whitman, is very clearly presented and the principles are made more easily intelligible by the judicious use of ingenious drawings and laboratory suggestions. The main virtue of the book is found in the graphic representation of the laws which underlie the complicated sciences of today and their practical application to home life. The book should prove to be an excellent text for high schools where the course in general science is offered.—For the same classes Charles H. Lake, Louis E. Welton and James C. Adell have prepared "A General Science Workbook" (Silver, Burdett. \$1.40). The material in this book is organized into sixteen units; each unit is made up of a number of problems, and each problem is based upon simple demonstrations by the teacher, or experiments to be performed by the pupil. References to interesting outside reading and lists of questions for study and words for spelling enhance the practical value of the book.

Revised loose-leaf editions have been announced of "Laboratory Exercises in Chemistry" (Allyn & Bacon. \$1.00), to accompany "Elementary Principles of Chemistry," by Raymond Brownlee, Robert Fuller, and others; and "Laboratory Exercises in Physics" (Allyn & Bacon. \$1.00) to accompany "Elementary Principles of Physics," by Fuller, Brownlee and Baker. Many instructors in science have shown a marked preference for the loose-leaf manuals and they will be glad to find this added convenience in a manual with so many other attractive features and improved expositions.

The Last Full Measure. The Coldstone. The Triumphant Footman. The Near and the Far.

The trilogy which Honoré Willis Morrow began with "Forever Free" and followed by "With Malice Toward None" is concluded in "The Last Full Measure" (Morrow. \$2.50). This trio follows the life of Abraham Lincoln to the last dramatic period that brought its close. Mrs. Morrow has used to great advantage the historical material of this last period. She points out that the events came to her hand already arranged in artistic form. She has made no attempt to change their sequence and consequently has achieved by the mere recording a dramatic tension and suspense, a tragic irony and a sincere depth of feeling that grows to a natural climax. Yet, this very fidelity seems to have so engaged the attention of the author that she has produced a rather statuesque Lincoln that is hard and angular, and not the mellow, flesh and blood hero who had the power of touching the heart. However, the author's attitude of reverence and honesty toward her subject are highly commendable; and when she allows Lincoln to speak for himself, she gives a better glimpse of the spirit of the Great Emancipator than may be gathered from the many pages of her own conjecturing. There seems to be little doubt but that this late arrival will be voted the highest place in the trilogy.

Patricia Wentworth, in her new mystery novel "The Coldstone" (Lippincott. \$2.00) tells the story of an inheritance. The ancestral castle, handed down from his distant kin to Anthony Coldstone, which, though seemingly innocent-looking, contains within its walls the mystery that will hold one's close attention throughout the entire length of the book. Old Susan Bowers, a hearty old lady of nigh on a hundred, should have known the story and even, perhaps, young Susan should have known something about its history. But at any rate the mystery remained unsolved until after the wall had moved one night and young Anthony saw something that put him on the trail of the greatest experience in his life. With outside aid and the help and love of young Susan the story moves quickly. Miss Wentworth has succeeded in adding another interesting volume to her rapidly growing list, and followers of her works will find this latest book no whit below the high standard which she has maintained.

"The Triumphant Footman," by Edith Oliver (Viking. \$2.50) is a gayly told story of impersonation. Alphonse Biskin, the hero of the story, begins life in the employ of Mrs. Lemaure. The distinguished-looking son of a Covent Garden salesman and a Parisian dressmaker, Anthony was gifted with a flair for social adventure. Hence it is not long before he impersonates the great Spanish gem collector, Señor Ortey. The success attending his first fling at the art of deception makes him resolve to follow it as his life work. The whole volume contains the outline of the adventures of the loving, gay-living, triumphant footman. His appearance as a chorus-man in Ruddigore in order to meet the leading lady; his appearance as a Vicomte; again as the representative of Austria—all these adventures carry the action of the book in highly amusing and interesting fashion.

If one hearkens to the heralds of "The Near and the Far" (Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50) one may be prepared to enjoy a thrilling tale of the East; for it is promised as the story of Akbar, the Great Mogul of India, who lived when Queen Elizabeth reigned in England. However, the reader may be sorely disappointed, for L. H. Myers, the author, instead of telling of the almost fabulous warrior, of the welding of a vast empire, of the sagacious lawgiver, has constructed an interminable tale of the esoteric cults which are called religions in India. Page after page is devoted to expounding various forms of creeds. To add variety, however, there are a number of vapid love scenes. Even the saving grace of actuality is lacking in Mr. Myers' story; now and then, by his little slips, he tells us that he is a twentieth-century gentleman writing of the sixteenth. A sequel is promised for next year, but one feels that if it is to be in the same mood and manner as "The Near and the Far," it might be better were it to die aborning.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Misleading Information

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Desirous to find out some real scientific stuff to sell to our intellectual non-Catholic friends, I hurried up to buy "The Sceptical Biologist" by Joseph Needham, of Cambridge University, not only because his book was advertised in Catholic papers, but also because the author is posed as a Catholic by the publishing house, W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., New York.

Now, with the help of not a little patience, I have been able to read the praised book; and I wonder how the author could be called a Catholic, and his book numbered among those *that live*; for it cannot be considered but as a rat, that tries to gnaw the foundations of the Catholic Religion, as, for example, when on page 247 it warns that "Organized religion must give up the certainty that it possesses the last word in religious truth and everything that is necessary to salvation," etc.

Prescott, Ariz.

U. V. JULIAN, C.M.F.

Prayers for the Departed

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have in my possession a thirty-four page booklet written by and for Protestants, and published in 1889 in England, entitled "Is It Right to Pray for the Dead?" It is a very interesting booklet with arguments in favor of prayer for the departed.

I wish to get in touch with parties who are interested in prayers for the dead, and who would like to join with me in the publishing and distributing of this booklet. My address is 8415—4th Ave.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROMOLA SPENCER.

Rest for Religious

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Hurrah for Father Blakely! Now that someone at last has called attention to the need of making life "a little more comfortable for our teaching Sisters and Brothers"—and, may I add, other Religious as well—who will do something about it?

Would not the cause, for which they offer their lives with such unselfish love, be vastly benefited if some really free time for study, relaxation and rest was scheduled between the shifts from school duties to household duties to religious observances?

New York State has appropriated millions of dollars for increased salaries of its teachers mainly to enable them to live more comfortably and to be free for further study, reflection and travel, in order that the students might benefit thereby.

Without such an expenditure of funds our overtired (but never weary) Religious could easily be given an equal opportunity to be relieved of the pressure and strain of their intensive lives. It seems to me that many more would be attracted to the Religious Orders and more would be able to persevere if the nerve strain were thus lessened. The precious endowment of our teachers would be greatly increased.

Asbury Park, N. J.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER.

Mistaken Identity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Through the solicitude of Brother Benildus, F.S.C., I have just had the pleasure of making first acquaintance with the *San Miguel News*, the excellent school publication of St. Michael's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

This simple statement of fact will, I hope, furnish sufficient proof that I could not possibly have had the *San Miguel News*

in mind when I wrote about the fictitiously named "St. Michael's School News" in my article of July 26.

The *San Miguel News* ranks, without a doubt, in that class of model Catholic school papers "that one takes up with genuine delight," and which I described briefly in the last third of the article.

The *San Miguel News* is as evidently Catholic as AMERICA itself.

Kirkwood, Mo.

(Rev.) PETER A. RESCH, S.M.

[The author of the above letter contributed to the July 26 issue of AMERICA an article entitled "Catholic School Publications," in which he used for purposes of illustration a fictitious magazine entitled "St. Michael's News." Brother Benildus, F.S.C., director of publications at St. Michael's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico, has sent to the Editor, in a communication much too long to print here in full, complete proofs that St. Michael's high school paper, the *San Miguel News*, is not the type excoriated by Father Resch. This disclaimer is printed in justice to Brother Benildus.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Oases

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several years ago, after reading a novel that had for its setting the Sahara, I remarked that I should like to see the place, its immensity, its dreamy sands and its palm-shaded oases. I have since changed my mind. I have come to feel that it would be too nearly like the present economic and moral condition of our country, a rather dreary prospect. I remember the oppressive heat that never eases throughout the day, the miles upon miles of dull sameness, the hot winds that bring no refreshment, and the insistent sand. I remember hours when the traveler must keep the curtains of his palquin tightly drawn; that the camel must close his eyelids and shut down the screens of his nostrils; that the cry of the beast is always a groan. How eagerly must the traveler scan the horizon for the palms that signal an oasis!

Life in these days is not unlike a desert journey. The world's incitement to pleasure never ceases. There is no time for refreshing meditation in the empty scramble to be gay and to stay young. One is constantly erecting curtains around the faith and the purity of the little ones. The only possible way of avoiding obscenity and suggestiveness is to close the eyes tightly and cover the ears.

A palm waved over the horizon for us here not long ago, when it was announced that the Guild of St. Joseph would give a tea at the convent. The day when it arrived, was clear and hot, but a surprisingly large number of women must have decided that the exertion of braving the sun would be more than compensated for.

At Sister's suggestion we first paid our respects in the chapel and so, as is usual in convents, the first refreshment was spiritual. The chapel is beautiful with its stained-glass windows, its intimate white stations and its silvery oaken woodwork. Immaculate, of course, and with its altar lovingly cared for. Near the altar ends were two vases of red roses, and beside the tabernacle were some creamy, half-opened buds, their exquisite heads turned adoringly toward Love Itself!

In the long refectory were laid tables with dainty tea things and there were roses, roses everywhere. Through the windows a breeze blew and spread fragrance in all directions, rose-scent, aroma of tea and the tang of lemon. We completely forgot that it was hot outside.

As I stood there drinking in all this beauty, I felt that every woman had the thought that it was not the splendid building, nor the flowers, nor the exquisite order everywhere that gave her the most welcome refreshment. These were but the outward manifestations of something much sweeter and deeper and finer that had its home in the convent. Here were ordered lives in a world that had thrown away order. Here dwelt purity and womanly modesty. Here a group of well-educated women were spending themselves for others, with no thought of material profit. The Blessed One was physically present with those who loved Him, who lived for Him. Here was a modern version of the little house at Nazareth!

In the town that spread itself outside those kindly walls people

were hustling and worrying and wearying in the heat; inside we were drinking draughts of beauty along with sips of tea.

O, oases!

Greenfield, Mass.

E. A. K.

Laymen's Leagues

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I notice in the issue of AMERICA for August 9 a communication by James T. Vocelle regarding a layman's league. I wish to state that such an organization has been in my mind for a very long time, and, I think, of a great many more Catholic men and women, who would gladly co-operate with such a movement. I see in this same issue that a woman wishes to form a Catholic club in the city of New York, that goes to prove the necessity of such a movement. If we Catholics could get together all over the country, each group in its own parish, as Mr. Vocelle suggests, it would have an enormous influence. There are thousands of Catholics who go to Mass on Sunday and attend to their other religious duties faithfully, but who do not understand their religion properly, and do not draw from it the deep motive therein. In most every parish there are a few devout persons who would be glad to start such a movement. There is certainly a great need of Catholic culture in this country and that culture once impressed on our people and practised by them would be a great example to non-Catholics. I wonder if we Catholics do on the whole lack the faith and courage necessary. I join my views with Mr. Vocelle, and if any other Catholics wish to support our proposition let us hear from them in the Communications column of AMERICA.

Vero Beach, Fla., is many miles from New York and it is strange Mr. Vocelle should have the selfsame views as I. This is proof alone of the unity of Catholic doctrine. Now let us have some more letters to AMERICA on this subject and see if we cannot do something about it. If the movement is started it will soon spread, and Catholic layment should be organized. Unity is strength.

Macedon, N. Y.

GEORGE W. MERCER.

Skheenarinka

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Father Feeney always writes something worth while, but the issue of AMERICA for August 9 contains one of his masterstrokes in "Skheenarinka." It made my heart throb with the joy of my Irish blood; my throat swell with the overflow of emotion, mine through the ancestry back of me; and, when my little boy asked me: "Mother, why are you crying?" my "Oh, skheenarinka!" with a wave of my hand sent him scampering back to his play. But, later, folding him in my arms, I read him the story, and despite his half-English blood he saw the picture in detail, even the sniffing of "his Reverence" to see if he was "genuine." "Skheenarinka" is enshrined in my book of clippings and I know it will give me many more happy moments in the years to come. Let us have more of Father Feeney, please.

Chicago.

MARGARET LYONS MORROW.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Here I am after a tough day spent in my humble profession, of trying to book orders, with the heat at 90 degrees and the hearts of my customers cold to thoughts of business, when all the while I am happy. So that at the end of the road today, I decided that what made me human and happy while all about was complaining about the heat, poor business, and, yes, Hoover, is just a simple fact. I read in AMERICA, this week's issue, a delightful tale, so I must print the name: SKHEENARINKA. I am under a debt to Father Feeney. While I read it, I almost imagined I was back in the land from whence my mother came. Folks like me don't write very often, but I just could not keep myself from telling you of my delight with the tale. And in fact AMERICA fills me each week with added respect for those who publish it.

Chicago.

JAMES J. ELLIOTT.